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FRANCE AND ROME.

IT was the business of the Foreign Minister of the EMPEROR to explain how the Italian Convention was beneficial to France. What the Italians gained by the evacuation of Rome might only be so much lost in dignity, or influence, or military strength to France, and the EMPEROR could not leave his subjects to think or say this without putting them right. M. DROUTIN DE LHUYS has therefore been instructed to affix his signature to a very remarkable document in which the EMPEROR expresses his views with fulness and candour. The French leave Rome because it is so very disagreeable to stay there. It compromises the honour of France and of the EMPEROR that the Papal Government should be enabled by French assistance to do acts of which France strongly disapproves. But there is no helping this if the POPE is to govern at all. His system of government is one that the French think bad, but it is the only system he can or will adopt. Every day this brings the commander of the French troops and the Papal authorities into collision. The Government does some act of what seems to the French commander monstrous injustice. There is an uneasy feeling among the people. The French are there to keep order, and the French commander has no choice but to see that order is kept; but he does so with a heavy heart, and cannot avoid showing the chagrin he feels. Even the troops are sensible of the invidiousness of the task they have to discharge, and shrink from having to see the Romans sacrificed to the Government which, for the sake of the Church, is imposed upon them by foreigners. Therefore, if the Imperial force can be removed without endangering the safety of the POPE, every reasonable Frenchman may be very well pleased. It is idle to think that the Papal Government can be changed for the better. This conviction breathes through every line of the despatch of M. DROUTIN DE LHUYS. At one time there were projects for making the Papal Government something like a good modern secular government, and the EMPEROR thought, or affected to think, these projects feasible. But he knows better now. The POPE cannot possibly govern like an ordinary lay Sovereign. He must carry out the theories of the Church, or it would be too obvious that these theories were mere theories, and could not be reduced into practice. He must see that no literature exists in his dominions, except such as the Church approves of. He must rob Jewish parents of their little children who, by an accident or fraud, have happened to be baptized. He must give an asylum and his countenance to all those who, if they have sinned against human law, have sinned on behalf of the Church. He must punish offences, not as they tend to hurt human society, but as they tend to hurt ecclesiastical interests or violate ecclesiastical precepts. The Church is the supreme ruler of all the actions of men, and rules them on principles of her own, having no other object than the salvation of souls. She has nothing to do with the promotion of security, or material prosperity, or secular greatness, or social happiness and strength. She has simply so to get men through this life that they may escape a terrible condemnation in the next. Elsewhere this is a theory, but in Rome the POPE is sovereign and tries to make it a reality. Therefore, the EMPEROR is aware that the character of the Pontifical Government cannot change, and, if he upholds it at all, he must uphold it such as it is. There is no illusion possible about the future of Rome if the programme of the Convention is carried out. The POPE is, with the assistance of the Catholic Powers, to have an army strong enough to put down all opposition at home, and the Italian Government is to take care that there is to be no pressure from without. The POPE will then go on in his own way, and do precisely as he likes. There will not be any necessity for having at Rome the faintest trace of what laymen think justice, liberty, or intelligence. It will be the

unfettered despotism of fanatics, and this is precisely what the temporal power of the POPEs ought to be, if it is to exist at all.

But, though the Convention secures the Papal Government all that it can reasonably ask, it does not appear to give any satisfaction either at Rome or in the circles where devotion to Rome is pre-eminent. Theoretically, it sounds very well that the POPE should be left to do as he pleases in his own dominions; but the advisers of the Papal Government are aware that, although a large majority of Catholics have a vague wish that the temporal power should be preserved, it would be dangerous to force home to their experience what the temporal power, if left to itself, would practically be. The contrast to the modern world which it must present would be so startling that no one can calculate how profound an aversion to maintain it might not gradually spread through the general body of the faithful. It does not sound very alarming that the Head of the Church should have a little principality where he may govern as the Church bids him govern, and exhibit, for the admiration of the world, the spectacle of a community honestly and thoroughly organized, so that the happiness of its members in a future life, and not in this, may be promoted by the action of the State in every detail of daily life; nor does it raise any very strong scruple that this Sovereign, like other Sovereigns, should be supported in his government by such an amount of military force as he may find necessary. But when the actual working of such a system is exhibited to the eyes of wondering Europe, when the POPE is seen engaged in an incessant contest with his own subjects, and cannon is heard to roar, and blood seen to flow, in order that there may be the solitude in the streets of Rome which ecclesiastics bless and call peace, the consciences of men may grow uneasy, and they may doubt whether the temporal power is, after all, so great or good as it seems. The money by which the POPE's troops are to be supported must come from the Catholic Governments. Neither PETER'S Pence nor any other form of voluntary contribution will suffice for the maintenance and pay of fifteen thousand soldiers. At first the Catholic Governments may probably be willing to contribute. But if the temporal power shocks the general opinion of Europe too profoundly, it will be very difficult to keep on foot the annual grants of the different Governments; and in every country where there is even the semblance of a Constitutional Government, there will be one item of the budget that will be fiercely assailed. The Papal authorities, therefore, much prefer that Rome should be held by a great Catholic Power, whose troops are certain to be paid and certain to be strong enough, and the interposition of whose name and presence screens the character of the Government from inquiry and criticism. Even, therefore, if the reports of the language held by Cardinal ANTONELLI with regard to the Convention are not accurate, there is no reason to doubt that the Papal Court would be very glad that, if France goes, Austria should step into her place. That France would not for a moment dream of permitting this is indisputable. France has told Spain, in so many words, that if she sent any troops to Italy, France would instantly declare war, and what was said to Spain would be said to Austria. No Austrian soldier will be seen in Rome until both France and Italy have been thoroughly beaten. But the Papal authorities may use the refusal of France to permit the intervention of Austria as an excuse for not taking any steps to carry out the Convention. What is to happen if the POPE during the next two years declines to ask for subventions and recruits, and throws on France the responsibility of leaving him defenceless? He may appeal to the Catholic world, and say, with some truth, that unless a great Power protects him he must be always engaged in a struggle, equally disgraceful and odious, with the Romans. The EMPEROR sees this, and yet, although he goes away, he will not allow Austria or Spain to come in his room. On the EMPEROR, therefore; and on

France must rest the awful responsibility of being faithless to the Vicar of Christ, and of exposing him to the attacks of the ungodly and the unbelieving. To ask for the aid of Austria, to be refused, and then to fold his hands and do nothing, is so promising a policy for the POPE, and one so exactly suited to the whole character of his Government, that there is quite as great a probability of his adopting it in the hope of forcing the EMPEROR to keep his troops where they are, as there is of his availing himself of the opportunity now given him to make himself independent, and to set up a strong government of his own.

Each party will try, with the keenest anxiety, to place its opponents at a disadvantage. And as the Italians have to take the first step, they lend a hope that they may also be the first to blunder. If they give any pretext for saying that the Convention is not what it professes to be, and that Florence is really adopted as a mere stepping-stone to Rome, the POPE will be justified in declining to trust the assurances of the Italian Government that he will be left alone in peace, and it is on these assurances that the whole Convention reposes. But the Italians are quite able to see the danger to which they are exposed, and although nine-tenths of those who will vote for the Convention will vote for it in the hope that it will some day lead to something very different, they may be trusted not to put this feeling in any personal or official shape. Throughout Italy the conviction appears to be general that the Convention is a great benefit to the national cause, both because, at the worst, it reduces the temporal power to a petty local government, and because it secures the assistance of France against Austria in all the complications to which it may give rise. France is once more bound up with Italy, and this is a menace to Austria which Austria cannot openly resent, but which she certainly cannot afford to despise. And if the Convention is accepted with a discreet reserve by the Italian Parliament—as the programme issued by General DELLA MARMORA's Ministry gives every reason to expect it will be—and if a serious intention to remove the seat of Government to Florence is at once displayed, the POPE will then be called on to act, and it will be his blunders that will be looked for with eagerness. He cannot simply remain inactive without taking a distinct line, for inactivity itself will necessarily be a policy, and will be equivalent to a defiance of the EMPEROR. Whether he can be defied safely is another question, but it cannot be doubted that the POPE, by refusing to take any measures for his own defence, might cause France the greatest embarrassment; and the EMPEROR, who has so often shrunk from quarrelling openly with the Church, might shrink once more when the fatal crisis came.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

THE speeches at recent agricultural dinners have been unusually dull to outside readers, because, with one or two exceptions, they have, in default of exciting topics, confined themselves to their proper objects. The deep-rooted popularity of agriculture is strikingly illustrated by the public interest which attaches to associations for the promotion of a particular trade. Almost every Englishman assumes that he is born with more or less knowledge of farming, nor is any other pursuit so commonly preferred for the purpose of combining pleasure with profit. Nevertheless, the ordinary student of politics and of news is disappointed when a rural meeting strictly adheres to the rule of excluding party discussions. It is only a real farmer who cares for a comparison of long wool and short wool, and even a farmer listens with suspicion to a lecture on the subject by Mr. DISRAELI. The schoolmaster who harangued HANNIBAL on the art of war would have been effectually reprov'd if HANNIBAL had replied by a dissertation on the best method of teaching little boys to spell. Mr. DISRAELI, however, is chargeable rather with transparent condescension than with an affectation of superior knowledge. It was his business, at Aylesbury and at Salthill, to make himself agreeable to his constituents, and it may perhaps also gratify his taste to sustain in imagination the character of a solid country squire. As he had ascertained by authentic information, or by the exercise of unassisted sagacity, that the staple of the Buckinghamshire fleece is short, he suggested that it ought to be long; and in Leicestershire he would possibly have enunciated the opposite proposition. Provided the proper local accent is caught, the opinions expressed are of secondary importance. Short wool and long are to Mr. DISRAELI all the same, and he had forgotten, or never known, that a heavy fleece covers coarse-grained mutton. He committed a graver indiscretion when he caused the selling price of Mr. TROMPER's wheat to fall 2s. a quarter; and the subse-

quent suggestion that farmers should invest more largely in the production of food for beasts must seem particularly ill-timed to those who have lost by the failure of the turnip crop. A more congenial representative of the land lately delighted a Cheshire meeting by denouncing high-farming, draining, and top-dressing as the curses of a cheese-growing country. It appears that, according to a Cheshire proverb, a bull ought to be fed on rushes, though the phrase is probably only a strong expression for the grass of undrained pastures. If the doctrine is well-founded, it must doubly commend itself to the Conservative farming mind. No class has, in late years, been more open to instruction and to scientific improvement; but there must be a peculiar pleasure in proving to agricultural chemists and professors that for once they are wrong. If Mr. DISRAELI had presided at an agricultural meeting in Cheshire, he would inevitably have fallen into the mistake of supposing that bulls ought to be as fat as prize oxen, and he might not unreasonably have taken for granted that rushes are comparatively deficient in oleaginous matter. Many of his political misadventures have been caused by the same kind of imperfect sympathy with the interests which he has taken occasion to advocate.

Farmers have their defects, but as a class they are remarkable for independence, and even for a certain originality. They have the great merit of steadily refusing to be laughed out of their tastes and opinions, and in some instances they have taught their supercilious critics to follow their example. In the days of the Corn-law agitation, some of the League orators were accustomed to debate on the childishness of agricultural exhibitions. It was said that only the besotted serfs of feudal lords would pride themselves on cups and honorary certificates as rewards of their successful pursuit of a special branch of industry. The farmers never troubled themselves to explain, or even to consider, that a prize cow was as beautiful as well as a useful object, and that the addition of honour to profit was at least unobjectionable. They were aware that the recognised owner of a well-selected stock could command higher prices than his less fortunate neighbours; and, dealing in commodities for which there is an unlimited demand, they had no motive for a tradesmanlike jealousy of competitors. After a long interval, manufacturers in their turn perceived the advantage of publicly comparing and advertising their goods. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was a copy, on a large scale, of the old-fashioned agricultural show, and henceforth similar displays will be periodically celebrated in all civilized countries. Spinners and weavers, dyers and cutlers, have not yet adopted the social practice of discussing their processes at public dinners. When the iron-masters of a district meet, they confine their attention to prices and wages, and the newspaper reporters content themselves with recording the result of their deliberations. No borough member is expected to be prepared with occasional speeches on mixed fabrics of cotton and woollen, or on *mauve* and *magenta*. The Cotton Supply Association perhaps approaches most nearly to the agricultural type. Its objects are, to a certain extent, public, though they specially concern a single trade, and the standing invectives against Sir CHARLES WOOD correspond to the customary dissatisfaction of the county member when he perpetrates his anticipated transgression of the prudent rules of the Society.

As farmers have not only a distinct character of their own, but a traditional habit of acting together under acknowledged leaders, it is not unnatural that they should possess considerable political importance, and that they should not unfrequently encourage discussion on party questions which may be supposed to affect their pecuniary interests. The Malt-tax has for a whole generation formed a connecting link between agricultural and political discussions, and as the abolition of numerous excise duties leaves the impost to stand more and more alone, the victims of the supposed grievance not unnaturally become impatient and clamorous. The landowners understand the question better than their tenants, and they are also aware that they have already profited largely by excise reductions. It is probable that a certain amount of the burden of the malt duty falls on the producer in the form of a more limited demand for his crop, but the loss is not easily calculated, and it is divided in unequal portions between the owner of the land and the occupier. The charge to the consumer is less open to dispute, and it is far larger in amount. A landed gentleman spends no more upon beer than any other possessor of an equal income, and he has derived far more than his share of advantage from the abolition of two or three oppressive duties. Cheap soap is good for all classes, and cheap paper for publishers, for readers, and especially for retail traders who wrap their goods in paper parcels. Cheap

bricks and cheap glass are peculiarly convenient to those who have to build mansions, farmhouses, and cottages. It would be long before the saving in building materials on a large estate would be counterbalanced by a percentage on the cost of beer. The arguments against the Malt-tax are plausible, and in some degree sound, nor can any conclusive defence of the duty be established, except on the ground that the money is wanted, and that it could not be more conveniently raised. Whatever may be the opinion of the tenant farmers of Hertfordshire, county members fear Mr. CORDEN even when he tenders them gifts. If 6,000,000*l.* can be spared by means of reductions in the army and navy, the saving might be applied to a diminution of the Income-tax, or of some other burden which is felt more sensibly than the duty on malt. As the volume of the agitation is reduced in its passage through the organs of the farmers in Parliament, there appears to be no immediate danger of an indiscreet sacrifice of revenue. In the meantime, it is impossible to deny the right of any body of traders to complain of a tax which seems to them oppressive or unequal. The consumers of paper were far more vociferous than the producers of barley, and, if their case was stronger, it was chiefly because the amount of the Paper-duty could be spared with less inconvenience. In modern times farmers enjoy no monopoly of the privilege of grumbling.

The Malt-tax is a proper subject for debate at agricultural meetings, but the general degeneracy of politicians, and the untoward course of legislation, can only be introduced by a violent strain of interpretation. Mr. BENTINCK is a typical agricultural member, only in the sense in which a humpback represents the large class of round-shouldered men. A politician who believes that the repeal of the Paper-duties has cost the country 3,000,000*l.* of revenue for the exclusive benefit of penny newspapers, has no right to address an agricultural meeting or any other partially educated assembly. It is impossible that Mr. BENTINCK should suppose that the gross receipts of all the penny newspapers in the kingdom approximate to the extravagant amount which he asserts to have been gratuitously bestowed on their proprietors. He has simply not made this or any other calculation, but he wishes to express a prejudiced opinion strongly, and he mistakes exaggeration for force. The grocers, who save far more than the newspaper proprietors by the abolition of the duty, are left out of consideration, because they are not specially obnoxious to Mr. BENTINCK's tastes. No penny paper could thrive, even under Mr. GLADSTONE's favouring influence, if it were written with so flagrant a disregard to common sense and accuracy. Mr. BENTINCK's constituents will act wisely in suspending their adhesion to his political calculations in more important matters. His demand for a future reform of the representation for the benefit of the counties is as short-sighted as his statistics are apocryphal. Mr. BRIGHT would concede, without a moment's hesitation, a readjustment of the representation in the direct ratio of numbers. Conservatism is transcendently supposed to include readiness to admit improvement, but in ordinary hands it is most safely practised by letting things alone. The farmers are willing to give their landlords the administration of their electoral power, because, on the whole, the interests and feelings of both classes tend to coincide. They may reasonably hesitate to demand an increase of the representation of rural districts, until they understand the practical result which would ensue on the concession of their demands. It is better for speakers at agricultural meetings to content themselves with the malt tax, with long-wooled sheep, and with rush-fed bulls. A more important question, strictly within the competence of agricultural bodies, was raised by Lord ROBERT MONTAGU at a recent meeting at St. Ives. The disposal of sewage is equally interesting to the towns and to the country. In this case, as Lord PALMERSTON once said, dirt only means matter in its wrong place, and the proper food of the land is at present poisoning the water. If landowners and farmers, with the aid of scientific men, can find a profitable use for town sewage, they will be strong enough, without waiting for Mr. BENTINCK's fantastic Reform Bill, to obtain from Parliament compulsory powers to prevent the existing waste of manure.

OUR NEW FOREIGN POLICY.

IT is always satisfactory to get at a great statesman's real thoughts—especially to those whom he governs. Mr. W. COWPER's speech at Hertford will therefore be read with satisfaction by many who have been anxious to be informed as to the exact details of the new foreign policy which has been entered upon during the passing year. Lord PALMERSTON's speeches in public are, as a rule, carefully constructed to give no information at all; and the speeches of his principal

colleagues, it is understood, generally contain the opinions which are most disagreeable to him. But Mr. COWPER not only enjoys peculiar opportunities of knowing the opinions of the chief to whom he is so nearly related, but has also been endowed by nature with an ingenious mind which is incapable of a niggardly secrecy. Accordingly, as might have been expected from one in his position, he has taken the first opportunity of explaining to the world his stepfather's foreign policy. No one can say that the moment is inopportune. Lord CLARENDON just now is trying to influence the policy of Austria by threats of desertion in one contingency, and promises of assistance in the other. The phrases are vague enough, but there is a possibility that Austria may construe them according to the rules of language traditionally current among diplomatists. It was highly necessary that Mr. COWPER should step in to set her right, and to explain to her, in his own lucid and forcible style, the exact practical meaning of Lord RUSSELL's *sec et cassant* lecture-writing and of Lord CLARENDON's mysterious hints.

The principle was expressed with great clearness. A previous speaker had been hoping that the opinion of the country had been sufficiently declared in favour of allowing other people to look after their own affairs. This aspiration did not suit Mr. COWPER. He denounced it as selfishness and isolation. "The right principle," he said, "to be adopted in 'foreign affairs' is this:—we are bound to do what we 'can, to use what strength and influence we have, to 'support right against wrong, to support the oppressed 'against those who tyrannize over them.' At first sight this seems as belligerent language as that to which we have been recently accustomed in Foreign Office despatches. But, like its prototype, it is capable of explanation. Mr. COWPER goes on to intimate that the Crimean war was a great waste of money and blood, and that "this 'nation did not attempt to assist the Danes by force of 'arms for this reason—that the whole armies of Germany 'were pouring their mighty strength upon the little State 'of Denmark." That is something like an heroic sentiment. Perhaps it might have been more seemly and judicious, even if Mr. COWPER is himself Danish in feeling, still to use German topics and arguments as the policy of his Government became eventually favourable to the Germans. But nothing can restrain his candour in dissecting the motives of his distinguished relative. Nature has kindly put a difference between dogs and men in respect to the expression of fear, and, by cutting off the tail from the human species, has enabled them, when they experience that depressing emotion, to conceal it from the eyes of their fellow-creatures. But Mr. COWPER disregards the beneficent provision of nature, and will put his tail between his legs in public. That there may be no mistake about it, he goes on, with the magic consciousness of genius, to embody in a single sentence the whole foreign policy of our Government:—"Our business in foreign 'affairs is to express our sympathy, and use that freedom of 'speech which is the great privilege of Englishmen." This is the interpretation clause by which we may construe the former too bellicose declaration about using our strength and influence to support right against wrong. It is obvious that no accusation of undue pugnacity can be made against this principle, and the most advanced political economist can find no fault with it. It is buying the gratification of our sympathies in the cheapest possible market. It is supporting right against wrong in the most inexpensive manner in which that holy task was ever performed. In one sense it may be regarded as an actually profitable operation. The lack of matter is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of orators at those bucolic festivities at one of which this remarkable manifesto was uttered; but a great load will be taken off their minds if it is to be understood that they may enlarge without limit in their expressions of sympathy upon all possible foreign affairs. This doctrine will have a tendency also to ennoble after-dinner speechification. It has hitherto been thought meanly of as a clumsy instrument for trotting out notabilities, and enabling lion-hunters to gratify their curiosity and digest their dinners at the same time. But now it will take rank as the solemn performance of "our 'business in foreign affairs." Every post-prandial orator is now in the nature of a Foreign Secretary. He is transacting in a free and easy way the business which the Foreign Office exists to transact in a more formal way. He is wielding England's chosen weapons against tyranny and wrong. If we are to vindicate that righteous cause by the employment of freedom of speech, it is pleasing to reflect how full an arsenal of that safe and comfortable weapon we have at our command, and how many active champions we may always count upon.

What the effect of this new system will probably be is an interesting subject of inquiry. It opens a wholly novel and untrodden path. The plan of resisting wrong and tyranny by freedom of speech alone has never been tried on a large scale anywhere except at Billingsgate; and it is impossible, without further investigation, to ascertain the exact amount of influence that has been acquired thereby by the fishwives of that locality. It is not easy to judge of its probable results by analogy, because the polity of Europe is almost without a parallel. It is the rudest and most inartificial system that was ever applied to the maintenance of what is called law. There is no tribunal to judge, no executive to punish, no definite code of law to enforce, no representative body to legislate. The nearest resemblance that can be found for it is the internal self-government of a public school, where the shifting public opinion of the boys furnishes the code of law, and where any boy who chooses to undertake the office is combined judge and executioner. We have to suppose that one of the biggest boys suddenly announced that he had had enough of licking other big boys. The last time he had attempted to do it, he got so mauled that it was quite unpleasant. Besides, the boys whom he tried to lick had an awkward habit of kicking, and he did so hate to have his shins kicked. He therefore intended for the future never to interfere with any big boy with his fists. He should continue to lick the little boys; but if a big boy did anything wrong, or bullied a little boy, he should not touch him with his fists; but he warned the big boys, that if they would do such things, it was his full intention, as a matter of sacred duty, to swear at them to the utmost of his ability. The question is, whether that boy would continue, on the strength of his swearing, to occupy an influential position in the school. Perhaps, at first, the other boys might not believe him, and might think it was only that he was chaffing, or had got a lazy fit. But when, after a time, they had discovered that he really was in earnest, and was much too much afraid of the consequences to venture on attacking any boy of his own size, the question is whether they would mind his swearing? Would they not rather think him a somewhat shabby and a very impudent fellow, for venturing to slang boys whom he dared not fight? Would not their instinctive impulse be, when his objurgations began, to tell him, in scholastic vernacular, to "hold his jaw?"

We question whether England will obtain any other answer than this to the unarmed counsels which it appears she is to be perpetually proffering. There are probably no set of men in the world so perfectly impassive as the statesmen of the Continent to "freedom of speech," and "expressions of sympathy," so long as these exhibitions are not, and cannot be suspected to be, preludes to an appeal to force. Those parts of the freedom of speech which consist in after-dinner harangues they would probably pass over with simple disregard. It is possible that they might not even hear of them. Official despatches conceived in the same style of unwarlike menace and feminine objurgation would force themselves more obtrusively into notice; but how long it would be thought worth while at the various Chancelleries to give them even a civil reply, would depend much upon the character of the Minister at each. M. VON BEUST would probably dismiss them at once with a contemptuous snub, while Count RECHBERG might preserve his civility a little longer. But the most polite of diplomatists would get tired at last of having sermons read to him on week-days by British ambassadors. Knowing that they meant nothing, and could come to nothing, he would think the ceremony an intolerable bore. The encyclical letters of the POPE are bad enough, but a Minister need not hear them unless he likes. It would very soon come to be a matter of private agreement between the Minister at each Court and the British Ambassador that Lord RUSSELL's hortatory despatches, like a railway report, should be taken as read. And then, perhaps, we might discover that it was not worth while to keep a Foreign Secretary and a Foreign Office, and an expensive *Corps diplomatique*, for the purpose of writing and receiving despatches which nobody cared to read. Warlike intervention is a very serious thing, and it is difficult to exaggerate the advantages of avoiding it, when that can be done. But the possibility of war is the only thing which gives the slightest value to Foreign Office despatches, or saves them from being the most tiresome of waste paper.

IRISH GRIEVANCES.

AN animated controversy on the grievances of Ireland furnishes, in its own existence, a partial answer to the preliminary question whether Ireland has any grievances. It

is, if not a grievance, at least an evil, that a population should be discontented, and that some of the most important classes in the country should be disaffected to the Government. There is no use in abusing the priests, but there is also little advantage in affecting a belief in their loyalty to the Imperial Crown. Although they are not, in Papal phrase, "defiled" with error, and consequently with the most pernicious vices," absolute exemption from heresy has not secured them from the temptation of despising lawful authority. The more active members of the body use the powers of a Constitution which they dislike to embarrass successive English Administrations; and a Roman Catholic member who is within reach of office generally knows that he would endanger his seat by attempting to gratify a laudable ambition. Mr. THOMSON HANKEY lately published a sensible letter on Ireland, in which he complained that eminent Irishmen seldom find a place in the Cabinet; but, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, the constituencies and their advisers are the principal causes of the exclusion. A popular Irishman would at this moment advantageously occupy the post which is held by Sir ROBERT PEEL, if he had not discovered that it would be unsafe to try the experiment of re-election. Even an Irish Lord of the Treasury was ejected by the interference of the Roman Catholic clergy, because he had joined a Government which was supposed to favour the unity and independence of Italy. The priests, however, while they prefer ecclesiastical objects to secular interests, are not to be confounded with revolutionary agitators. Thirty years ago they followed O'CONNELL, as their recognised organ and leader; but they have shown no sympathy with the modern form of sedition which is cultivated by the Fenian conspirators of Ireland and America. The emigration to the United States is even more distasteful to the Roman Catholic clergy than to the English Government. The impoverishment of the Church finds no compensation in the material prosperity of the exiles, for experience teaches that the air of America is fatal to orthodox fidelity. Probably one-fourth of the inhabitants of the Northern States have come from Ireland within three generations, and scarcely one-fourth of the number perseveres in allegiance to Rome. A wise Government, strong enough to disregard English prejudice, might probably make a single common interest the starting-point of an advantageous alliance. It is, unfortunately, not easy to follow the advice of one of the contributors to the present controversy, by paying the priests, in the hope that they might become "fat and peaceable." The arrangement might have been effected at the time of the Union, or perhaps even when the Catholic Relief Bill was passed; but in the present day it would be almost impossible to maintain two Establishments in one poor country.

The most chimerical of Irish grievances would invite ready attention and redress if it were not too easily susceptible of disproof. Unjust taxation, having nothing to do with religious animosities, might be remedied by the disinterested efforts of the Government and Parliament; and a slight additional burden would be willingly undertaken by Great Britain if it could be shown that Ireland had really been the victim of fiscal unfairness. "An Irish Catholic 'Landlord'" has lately preferred the complaint with a characteristic disregard of logic, or rather of arithmetic. According to his statement, the Irish debt bore to the English debt, at the date of the Union, the proportion of 1 to 16; and it was agreed that the Irish revenue should thereafter form two-fifteenths of the national income, while England and Ireland should separately bear the charges of their respective debts. The "Irish Catholic Landlord" complains that the bargain has since been set aside, but he abstains from stating that his countrymen would now be prepared to abide by its terms. In 1816 it was found necessary to readjust the proportional burdens imposed on the two sections of the United Kingdom; and England, instead of profiting by her superior power, made large concessions to her less wealthy partner. Between the Union and the time of the new arrangement there had been fifteen years of war, and the Irish debt had become a fifth or sixth, instead of a sixteenth, part of the common liability. It is not disputed that the new arrangement, which is still substantially in force, was far more favourable to the Irish taxpayer than the original compact. The "Irish Catholic Landlord" infers that the bargain concluded at the Union was unjust, but no disputant can be allowed at the same time to insist on an agreement and to question its validity. If the proportions of 1800 were re-established, it would be necessary to increase the Irish taxes; and if the relations of the last century were renewed, the English Custom-houses would collect duties on Irish imports. Every Parliamentary Committee which has

examined the question has negated the alleged grievance of Ireland, and all Finance Ministers have, with the fullest knowledge of the subject-matter, arrived at the same conclusion. If it can be shown that Ireland is not practically subjected to the charge of the pre-Union English debt, there is no pretext for a complaint of injustice. Independently of positive compacts, there is no reason why a poor and a rich community should not be taxed in the same proportion. The proceeds to the Treasury of a smaller income will of course be smaller.

The question of the Viceroyalty is comparatively unimportant, and the expenditure of the Lord-Lieutenant's Court can matter little to any Irishman except the shopkeepers of Dublin. Practically, the question will be decided by the Irish themselves, as no Government will be so imprudent as voluntarily to create a new ostensible grievance. Lord STANLEY was probably correct in his opinion that an Irish majority would at present be found in favour of retaining the office; and it is at least certain that a Ministerial measure for abolishing the Viceroyalty would be almost unanimously opposed. A plan has lately been suggested by which the reflected lustre of the Irish Court might assume an independent brilliancy of its own. If the Prince of WALES, or some other member of the Royal Family, were to accept the office of Lord-Lieutenant, the drawing-rooms and levees, which sometimes excite ridicule even at Dublin, would be enthusiastically frequented. The scheme is obviously inadmissible as far as the heir of the Crown is concerned, though one of the younger Princes of the Blood might not improperly perform the ceremonial functions of the Viceroy. Royalty alone has sufficient dignity to reign where it is not allowed to govern. Yet the practical difficulties of the arrangement would not be inconsiderable, and it would be absolutely necessary that the Irish Secretary should be a member of the Cabinet, and that he should be virtually independent of his nominal superior. Perhaps the advantages of the plan would be most simply attained if the Prince of WALES could be induced to reside a part of the year in Ireland, without any official character. The visible and latent loyal propensities of Ireland are exclusively personal, and princes under the English Constitution must often feel painfully the want of employment.

Unless the Irish Church Establishment were seriously assailed, there seems to be little opening for legislation in Ireland. The partial depopulation of the country will tend more directly than Acts of Parliament to raise the rate of wages, and the process will be accelerated by more satisfactory means if capital can be safely employed in commercial and manufacturing enterprises and in agricultural improvement. The high price of cotton seems likely to cause an increase in the cultivation of flax; and, notwithstanding its anomalous social condition, Belfast is prospering in a high degree as the principal seat of the linen trade. A thriving population, though it may still cherish political discontent, will feel comparatively little inclination for agrarian crimes. It is indeed as difficult to appreciate the influence of Ribandism, and its collateral organization, as to understand Irish questions in general. Some of those who have taken part in the late controversy boast that their country is the safest, the most moral, and the most tranquil in Europe. Burglary is said to be almost unknown in Ireland, and, as Irish writers complacently observe, it was on an English metropolitan railway that Mr. BRIGGS was murdered. The obvious answer, that English crime is isolated and individual, is relevant but not exhaustive. There can be no doubt that the peculiarly alarming and obnoxious character of Irish assassinations tends to produce an exaggerated estimate of their frequency. The new LORD-LIEUTENANT will bring a liberal mind and a not inconsiderable experience to the study of the Irish controversy. As his proper duties are not onerous, he will have every opportunity of devoting his attention to the numerous questions on which the Government ought to receive trustworthy information. Before his term of office is over, he may perhaps, like an Old Bailey grand jury, think it expedient to present himself in his official capacity as a nuisance to be abated.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

THE result of the Indian Civil Service Examinations is watched with great interest by a very large body of people. There are the parents of those who have been candidates this year, or who intend to be candidates hereafter. There are the teachers whose profession it is to prepare candidates, and who seek from the list every possible hint they can obtain for future guidance. There are the masters of public schools, and others, who are deeply concerned in all

that affects the higher education of English boys. Lastly, there are those whose thoughts turn to the great Empire which these lads are being selected to govern, and who ask anxiously whether India is getting for her money the best supply of governors that can be procured. In one respect all these various classes of persons may be satisfied with the success of the system. There are abundance of candidates. The number seems to increase rather than to diminish, and the list which has just been published shows us that, where one succeeds, at least five fail. More than two hundred and fifty candidates competed for forty appointments, and therefore there can be no doubt that either the hope of success, or the wish to pass July in London, attracts a sufficiently large crowd of aspirants to give thus far a guarantee that the selection will be a good one. But in almost every other respect the system is a failure. The selection is not so made as to secure the appointment of the best candidates. India is not getting the article for her money that she deserves to have. Large as is the body of candidates, they do not include many who would be willing, under other terms, to compete, and who would be more fit to succeed than any who try. Of those who do compete, by no means the best are selected. And yet the examination is scrupulously fair, and is conducted with the most zealous attention and with every desire to make it effective. But the scheme of examination is a bad one, and no zeal or ability in those who carry it out in detail can remedy the mischief. No blame lies in the matter at the door of the Civil Service Commissioners. The system was adopted a long time ago by the Indian authorities, chiefly in deference to the opinion of Lord MACAULAY, who misconceived altogether the attractions of an Indian career, and arranged everything on the supposition that the flower of English youth would gladly compete for an introduction to the wealth and grandeur of the East. This, as time has shown, is a mistake. India will not attract those who think they have a chance of the highest prizes which are offered at home for learning and industry. But it would attract a much better and more competent set of young men than are actually appointed. It would attract those boys at English public schools who are just short of the best in scholarship and knowledge, but whose minds have been thoroughly well trained on the public-school pattern, and whom a love of games and of athletic sports impels to choose a career of active life. These are the very best young men that England can give India to govern it—men full of the spirit of public schools, with the manners and habits of gentlemen, with intellects, if not of the highest order, yet of the order that wins most of the practical success of English life, and imbued with the best education that is given in England. But these men, as a class, are almost excluded under the present system of examination. The system gives them so bad a chance that it is scarcely worth their while to try at all, while it opens an easy door to success for candidates very much their inferiors, intellectually and socially.

Any one who will look at the list of candidates, and at the marks obtained by the more successful ones, will easily see how it is that the more promising boys at public schools are shut out from an Indian career. A schoolboy of eighteen or nineteen who has worked hard in a public school has acquired a good deal of one sort of knowledge, and very little of other sorts of knowledge. He knows Latin and Greek thoroughly well for his age; he knows a little mathematics; he knows the histories of Greece, Rome, and England in some detail; he has been accustomed to read something of most English poets; and he can translate, if he cannot speak, French and German. But there are other branches of human knowledge of which he is totally ignorant. He knows nothing of Sanscrit, Arabic, or Persian. He is ignorant of the systems of the leading Scotch metaphysicians. He is not a geologist, or a chemist, or a botanist. But when he begins to think what he is to do in life, and calculates whether it is worth his while to try for an Indian appointment, he is staggered to find that the successful candidates must have been educated in a very different way from that in which he himself has been educated. They do not seem to have gone very high in anything, but the quantity of subjects in which they are prepared to compete is overwhelming. They all know Sanscrit, and moral philosophy, and all modern languages, and all the 'ologies. This will not do for him, and he considers whether it will answer for him to qualify himself for the examination, or whether he had better abandon all thoughts of competing. He finds that, if he wishes to have any hope of success, he must change altogether his manner of life and his habits of study. He must leave his public school, he must give up the notion of going to a

University. He must go to a special sort of private tutor, who manipulates an apparatus for getting young men very quickly and very superficially acquainted with a great variety of subjects. He had better give up classics and anything like a thorough study of history, for he can do better with his time than continue to advance where he has already made progress. He can begin at once to learn Sanscrit, Arabic, Italian, moral philosophy, psychology, botany, chemistry, geology, and Anglo-Saxon derivations. In fact, if he wants to succeed, he must throw himself into this sea of miscellaneous smattering. Naturally he hesitates. After all, success is by no means a certainty. Many of his rivals will, he is aware, have been floundering about in this sea for years longer than he can have been when the time of examination comes, and he may very easily be beaten. If he is beaten, he will have thrown himself out of the whole course of English education. He will have lost the benefit of the teaching of the headmaster of his school during the year or two when that teaching, if good at all, is peculiarly valuable; he will have debarred himself from hopes of University honours, he will have renounced the chance of scholarships and fellowships, and the other prizes of College. So he very sensibly thinks that the game is not worth the candle, and that he will not make such very great sacrifices for the mere chance of getting an Indian appointment.

If there are any persons who uphold the existing system, they would perhaps be inclined to say that the education of the English public schools is founded on wrong principles, that classics are made far too much of, that physical science ought to be more studied there, that an acquaintance with psychology and Scotch metaphysics is much more valuable than is generally supposed, and that not only the languages of modern Europe, but the ancient and modern languages of Asia, afford just as useful an occupation to the intellect as the languages of Greece and Rome. Theoretically it may be contended that superficial and varied learning is a very good thing, or, at any rate, a much better thing than the narrow concentrated learning affected at English public schools. When once a boy can construe Cæsar and Xenophon, it may be thought much better he should go to something else, such as azoic rocks, or the Vedas, or somebody's theory of the syllogism. The framers of the system of examination for the Indian Civil Service may be supposed to have got hold of the right theory of education, and to have been only using a fair opportunity of enforcing it. It is not, however, necessary to enter into any of these wide questions. The theory of education which obtains at the English public schools is one that, as a matter of fact, exists. Whether it is good or bad, there it is, and there it is likely to be. There is no hope or chance of alteration. That classics should remain the staple of English education was the opinion of every one who gave evidence before the Public Schools Commission. Therefore, whatever may be the scheme of the Indian Examinations, the public schools will adhere to their own system. The authorities who settle the terms of competition for Indian appointments can make boys leave public schools and have recourse to private tuition, but they cannot make the masters of public schools adopt a new theory of education and a new way of distributing the hours of study. The only effect of the present system of examination is to exclude the best and most promising lads at public schools from the competition; it is not to bring round the system of the higher education of England to the views of those who approve of the system. And it is a very serious thing for India that the young men most likely to be useful there should be prevented from going. The class of men who come from the best public schools are the very class of men most wanted to give spirit and tact and intelligence to the local administration of India, and to play the part which civilians ought to play in the great conflict between the natives and the European settlers. No one, we believe, disputes this; and there is no reason to doubt, now that the failure of the present system of examination has become conspicuous, that a change will be made sooner or later. The existing Indian authorities are in no way concerned to uphold the present system. Sir CHARLES WOOD and the Indian Council may be credited with a sincere wish to get the best men sent out that can be found; and the Civil Service Commissioners, whose business it is to work any machinery that they are told to work, will certainly have as much pleasure in working a system by which the right men are selected as they can have in working a system which, like the existing one, fails to effect the object it is intended to subserve.

THE LEEDS BANK.

FOR the last week or two the City has been quaking as it seldom does quake without producing a genuine panic. To all appearance the crisis has blown over, and it is possible to discuss its causes without the fear of aggravating the evil. Although the uneasy feeling which prevailed dated from the last advance in the rate of discount, it is satisfactory to see that a mere alteration in the price of accommodation has no longer the power which it once had of creating senseless alarm. People are beginning to learn that, when gold is scarce, there is no way so effectual to restore the balance as to charge a high price for loans; and we believe that the Bank might fix its terms at any rate it pleased, even though it were twelve or fifteen per cent., without exciting panic, if no other occasion for alarm existed. Nor has the price of Consols and other securities the influence which it formerly exercised on men's minds. Consols may stand at 87, or any other quotation, and yet business may go on much as usual. The truth is that the stability of the whole system of commercial credit is not dependent on the maintenance of a steady rate of interest, or on the absence of fluctuation in the price of Government securities. There are other things which touch credit much more nearly, and of all possible calamities a loss of confidence in the banking system through which the trade of the country is worked would be the most fatal. It was not surprising, therefore, that the stoppage of the Leeds Bank at a time when there was already sufficient pressure for money should have excited an amount of alarm which it would have taken very little to aggravate into a universal panic. At the first moment a general suspicion seemed to fall upon the entire system of joint-stock banking. Shares in new banks dropped with a rapidity which was partly due to the excessive estimation in which they had been lately held, and a general doubt seemed to be felt whether the rottenness did not extend much beyond the local establishment which had suddenly collapsed. That there was no ground for such apprehensions is beginning now to be clearly seen; and, indeed, the enormity of the folly by which the Leeds Bank brought itself to ruin is enough to show how exceptional an event its failure must be.

Like many other local banks, this establishment was doing a very large business on a very moderate capital; but prudence is worth more than capital in banking business, and, if the character of its transactions had been sound, there is no reason why the Leeds Bank might not at this moment have been a flourishing concern. With a capital of 100,000*l.*, and deposits amounting to about half a million, it had liabilities to the extent of two millions on bills which it had re-discounted. A large portion of this business had been acquired by taking bills which were not good enough for the London market, and sending them back to London for discount with the additional security of the Bank's endorsement. Even if this had been the whole extent of its error, it would have been enough to insure a collapse sooner or later. It is not the legitimate business of a bank to sell its name for the purpose of floating unmarketable securities, and when this is done on the vast scale of the operations of the Leeds Bank it is tolerably certain to lead to ruin. No one will be surprised to find that, out of about 2,000,000*l.* of outstanding bills endorsed by the Bank, it is estimated that not more than half will be paid by the acceptors, and that the final loss of the Bank will not be less than 600,000*l.* This constant risk of a loss of six times the amount of its capital was always impending over the concern, and only waited for a time of pressure to become a reality. One would have thought that a speculative business of so hazardous a character might have been sufficient to gratify the adventurous spirit of the boldest manager; but, lest this road should not lead quickly enough to ruin, another path was opened up strictly in accordance with the precedents which show how a banking business may be brought to the ground. We do not remember an instance of a bank failure where some enormous amounts had not been advanced to two or three worthless customers. Perhaps the most complete feat of this kind was that of Colonel WAUGH, who did not become bankrupt until he had obtained from the establishment which he honoured with his account the whole of the subscribed capital of the undertaking. When the British Bank collapsed, there were found two or three special accounts of the same character, where money had been lent without stint to persons whom no one else would have trusted, and on securities which were certain to prove worthless. It was the same again on the occasion of the great Glasgow smash, and so we suppose we must not be surprised to find that the Leeds Bank has been playing precisely the same game, and that for a long time

a large portion of its supposed assets has consisted of debts which there was no hope of recovering. That the largest of these overdrawn accounts had been made up by the discounting of bills which were systematically forged as required, does give a rather special character to the management of the concern, for it is difficult to believe that forged acceptances to the value of 80,000*l.* could have passed unsuspected through the hands of an experienced bank manager without a very extraordinary amount of negligence.

A failure brought about by such means cannot be looked upon as in any way symptomatic of general weakness in the banking system. The business done by this Leeds Company had nothing in common with the ordinary course of banking transactions. Nothing can exceed the vigilance which properly-conducted joint-stock banks exercise in their discount transactions. There have been indications that this caution has been rather on the increase since the recent expansion of the joint-stock system, and even in 1857 it was found that, when the accounts of the principal London banks were made up after the crisis of that year, the whole loss upon millions of discounted bills turned out to be almost inappreciable. A bank, of course, cannot stop payment without inflicting some loss on other banks, and, as a matter of course, many firms which have relied upon its assistance must come to the ground with it. Probably the extent of the failures caused by the suspension of the Leeds Company is now tolerably well ascertained, and, if the list is not to be further swelled, the amount of mischief will have proved less than might reasonably have been feared. The disappointment of the peace expectations which were entertained in America will also help to avert another cause of danger by checking the fall which had commenced in the price of cotton. Enormous profits were made by speculators when the cotton-market first began to rise, and it is impossible that heavy losses should not also be occasioned by a rapid fall from war prices. If the descent to a natural standard should be accomplished gradually, another element of anxiety which has helped to disturb the market will be in great measure removed; and perhaps, in the end, the alarm which has prevailed of late may have a wholesome effect in inducing so much caution as to fortify our commerce against the special risks which have overshadowed it ever since the commencement of the American war.

Now, and at all times, the stability of trade depends, to an extent which cannot be exaggerated, on the judgment of men in the position which Mr. GREENLAND occupied in the Leeds Bank. In practice, it seems that directors are able to exercise as little control over their managers as shareholders do over the Board, and one reckless or dishonest bank manager may do more to bring about a commercial crisis than all the speculators who get up new companies or trade upon fictitious capital. Without excessive bank accommodation over-trading is almost impossible, and if every bank manager in the country conducted his business on exactly the opposite principle to that followed by Mr. GREENLAND in Leeds, it would be reasonable to hope that we had almost seen the last of the periodical panics which seem to visit us at their due intervals with as much regularity as the cholera. Those who conduct the great banking and financial companies are the sanitary officers of commerce, and, in spite of such examples as that which Leeds has just displayed, they do, as a rule, perform their duty with remarkable judgment and skill. Some doubts have been felt whether the conduct of banking business might not deteriorate by the gradual disappearance of the old private banks, and the substitution of joint-stock companies. Whether this be so or not, there is no possibility of arresting the change, and notwithstanding what has recently happened there is apparent ground for the belief that, with the extension of their field of business, the joint-stock banks have developed a more cautious style of management than that which was in vogue some years ago. There are some, indeed, who believe that the last novelty in the form of banking associations—the adoption of limited liability—will itself increase rather than diminish the general security. Certainly, the notion that a bank is likely to be managed with prudence because the shareholders are liable to be ruined by a suspension of its business is not encouraged by such experience as has been supplied by the companies which have come to destruction, nor is there any good reason for supposing that a manager will act with additional rashness if he knows that any loss will fall upon depositors, and not upon shareholders. On the other hand, it has been plausibly suggested that a Limited Bank will find it more difficult to go on in a reckless kind of business than one which can secure support on the strength of a rich proprietary. Probably the effect of a limitation of liability will not be found to be very great in either direction, and the stability of

credit must depend, under any system, mainly on the personal character and skill of those who are selected for the task of management. By the limitation of liability, the loss, in every case of failure, will fall upon innocent customers, instead of upon shareholders who are scarcely less innocent of contributing to the disaster; and, though the break-up of a Limited Bank would perhaps cause more wide-spread inconvenience, there is no reason to suppose that the injury to commerce would be greater than under the old-fashioned plan of exacting the fullest retribution from those who may have shared the former profits of the concern. As yet, limited liability has not been largely adopted by banks; but, even if it should become the universal rule, there is no reason to suppose that the dangers of commercial disturbance will be seriously increased. Whether our banks are private or joint-stock, limited or unlimited in liability, the one thing needful for their own security and that of the public is that prudent management which it is not in the power of any public regulations to secure.

AMERICA.

THE Peace Democrats have prudently accepted the rebuff which their chosen candidate administered to their aspirations as soon as he heard of the Federal successes at Atlanta and Mobile. General SHERIDAN's successes in the Shenandoah valley have furnished another cogent argument for the vigorous prosecution of the war. No politician need be ashamed of altering his opinion when circumstances are changed, and, especially in questions of war or peace, the comparative prospects of the belligerents are far more important than the merits of their quarrel. The balance of fortune has been seriously affected since the meeting of the Chicago Convention. Two months ago, SHERMAN had not reached Atlanta, the danger of Mobile was not even suspected, and EARLY was expected to renew his invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his associates maintained that the struggle was hopeless, and the Republicans could only answer their arguments for peace by counter-assertions of the exhaustion of the Confederates. The subsequent course of events has rendered the war once more popular, and it has convinced the most reluctant members of the Democratic party that General M'CLELLAN correctly appreciates the necessities of a candidate. The Chicago resolutions, though in themselves they seemed colourless and vague, derived a certain meaning from the well-known opinions of their authors, and from the invectives of Republican speakers and writers. General M'CLELLAN affected to interpret the Democratic manifesto as a profession of faith in the Union, and his supporters have been compelled to acquiesce in his decision. The leaders of the party foresee that, if the fortune of the war is again changed, the letter of acceptance may be as easily explained away as the Chicago platform, and that a Democratic President will, at the worst, be more manageable than Mr. LINCOLN. The canvass, however, will be conducted with little spirit, and it seems scarcely possible that, unless some great disaster befalls the Federal arms, the Republican supremacy should be endangered. M'CLELLAN is as respectable in character and ability as an ordinary President, but there is nothing in him or his career to excite strong personal enthusiasm, and his principles differ only on secondary points from the dominant Republican creed. It matters little whether hypothetical conditions of peace are more or less severe, when they are to be imposed by force on a defeated enemy. As the South will not return to the Union except on compulsion, the Federals may be excused for preferring the unconditional surrender of their adversaries to a capitulation which must equally be the result of conquest. The same blow which strikes down Secession may also abolish Slavery. A proposal to be contented with half the prize of victory may possibly be judicious, but it can scarcely be popular. On the whole, it is improbable that M'CLELLAN will carry any Western State, and two or three of the New England States have at their recent elections displayed an increased Republican majority. Pennsylvania will not be ungrateful to the authors of the Protectionist tariff, and on the Atlantic coast New York and New Jersey are the only Northern States in which M'CLELLAN has a chance of succeeding. If the elections are free, Kentucky and Maryland may perhaps protest against Mr. LINCOLN's lawless rule, and the Democrats will probably refuse to allow the vote of the sham State of Western Virginia. The contest is wholly uninteresting to foreigners, especially as it seems to be practically decided even before it has commenced.

SHERIDAN seems to have made a sudden and energetic attack upon the Confederate divisions while they were

scattered over a large space of country. It is true that the victor gains nothing in position, as the beaten army was only forced back on its direct and natural line of retreat; but the Confederates can ill afford their heavy loss of men, and SHERIDAN has followed up his fresh success by renewing the contest without delay. Although EARLY is still more than a hundred miles north of Lynchburg, some doubt has been thrown on his ability to defend the western approaches of Richmond. General LEE seems to have been alarmed by the unopposed advance of HUNTER to the neighbourhood of Lynchburg at the opening of the campaign. An insufficient force, under an incapable commander, was easily repelled as soon as the Confederates were at leisure to attend to his proceedings; but since that time LEE has thought it prudent to maintain a large force in Western Virginia, at the risk of allowing GRANT to extend his lines in front of Petersburg with comparative impunity. But for the removal of LONGSTREET from the field, the disaster on the Shenandoah would probably not have occurred. There is little doubt that EARLY can hold the upper part of the valley against any attack in front; but, if SHERIDAN is strong enough, he may force the Confederates to retreat by movements on the Eastern side of the mountains conducted on the principle of SHERMAN's advance upon Atlanta. Up to the present time, the Federal Commander-in-Chief has been more successful by his lieutenants than in his own person, but his admirers allege that the whole plan of the campaign in Georgia as well as in Virginia was devised by GRANT himself.

A curious episode of the war is reported with obvious inaccuracy in the details. The French and their Imperialist allies have not yet completed the conquest of Mexico, and they have only lately found time to approach the well-known town of Matamoras on the right bank of the Rio Grande, which separates Mexico from its lost province of Texas. A Mexican of the Juarez party, called CORTINAS, commanding the Republican troops at Matamoras, naturally thought it expedient to provide for his retreat before the French column came within reach. The sea was on one side, and the enemy on another, and it only remained to cross the river into neutral territory. According to CORTINAS himself, his forces performed several astonishing feats before they retired from the right bank, and five thousand French are gravely reported as having retreated before two thousand Mexicans. At last, however, the heroic CORTINAS consented to withdraw from Mexico; and on the other side of the river he suddenly found a new native country. Declaring himself an American citizen, he took possession of a fort, which was probably unoccupied, in the name of the Government of the United States, and without delay he sent to offer his allegiance to the nearest Federal commander, not forgetting probably to request immediate assistance and protection. It may be doubted whether the Government of Washington will welcome their volunteer ally, with the various complications which may follow from his unsolicited adhesion. It is difficult to define the rights and duties of two neutral Governments which are engaged in an internecine war with one another in the neighbourhood of two independent belligerents. The Mexican frontier of Texas belongs by legal claim to the United States, and in fact to the Confederates. It is the duty of a neutral to disarm fugitive troops from Mexican soil, but a question may arise as to the Government on which the liability devolves. It is an awkward circumstance that the same army should in the morning be the enemy of the French, and in the afternoon the enemy of the Confederates. If the Federal commander in Texas is wise, he will have no hesitation in listening to the French remonstrances. As two thousand Mexicans would scarcely be a match for two hundred Confederates, the services of CORTINAS would be dearly purchased by an embarrassing dispute with France.

The seizure of two American vessels on Lake Erie by Confederate passengers is an unintelligible act of illegal violence, and it is hardly possible to suppose that the adventurers were acting by the authority of the Confederate Government. As there is no port to which the captured ships could resort, the captors must have intended to destroy them, and afterwards to trust to fortune for their own escape. The proceeding approaches dangerously near to piracy, although the jurisdiction of the Canadian Courts might be ousted if the seizure was effected in American waters. The maritime law of nations is inapplicable to inland lakes belonging in full sovereignty to one or other of the riparian States. The Great Northern lakes are possessed in equal moieties by the English Government of Canada and by the United States. A belligerent act on the Canadian side would be an offence against

the municipal law of the province; and, on the other hand, it is the business of the Americans to provide for the police of their own waters. It is hardly possible that a dispute between the Governments should be caused by any outrage of this kind. Northern feeling appears to have become less childishly suspicious and irritable as the continuance of the war has, for the first time in American history, provided the materials of serious political experience. Even Republican orators are beginning to be ashamed of making alleged coldness and want of sympathy an excuse for hostile menaces. Mr. CHASE himself lately tried to explain away a foolish and offensive speech against England, on the pretext that his animosity was directed not against the English nation, but against the aristocracy. The distinction is impertinent, though it is constantly suggested by vehement English partisans of the North; nor is it becoming in foreigners to dispute the unity of a nation which for all external purposes is exclusively represented by its Government. The same mistake is committed by English politicians who unnecessarily identify themselves with various American factions. It is not with Republicans or Democrats, but with the United States, that Europe is concerned. For four years dispassionate Englishmen have been accused of indifference to slavery, after forty years of equally vehement clamour against their officious hostility to the system. The Democrats who ruled the Union asserted that West Indian Emancipation was undertaken from spite to the United States, and the Republicans and Abolitionists took care never to contradict the statement. When a man walks straight forward, he can scarcely be charged with inconsistency because the wind blows on one cheek when it is in the west, and on the other when it has shifted to the east. It is not even the fault of bystanders if they observe and recognise the alternations of victory and defeat which they affect neither to control nor to foresee.

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

THE Admiralty has often been accused, and we are afraid not wholly without reason, of a want of originality. It could do nothing, people said, but what it was driven to; and whatever progress has been made in the construction of ships and guns, in the management of dockyard accounts, or indeed in any department of naval business, may certainly be traced to the unceasing pressure which has kept the Board in motion. But propulsion from behind is not always a dignified method of progressing; and now, in the dead of the Vacation, it is natural that the Admiralty, freed for the time from its Parliamentary tormentors, should desire to do something of its own mere motion. And, to do it justice, the Board has really hit upon an original idea. Probably, if every naval officer in the country had racked his brains to guess what startling performance the Admiralty could devise to fill all the world with astonishment, not one of them could have thought of anything half so surprising as what has actually been done. The *Royal Sovereign* is put out of commission. If it had been announced that the *Warrior* was to have all her plates stripped off, that the Admiral of the Channel Fleet had been ordered to hoist his flag on a penny steamer, that our ships were once more to be armed with 32-pounder pop-guns, or even that the Board of Admiralty itself was to be put out of commission, the news could scarcely have been more startling, and, in the last case, would have been much less alarming. Let any one consider for a moment what it means. The whole world has been for some years engaged in a controversy as to the most feasible plan for enabling ships of war to carry and work guns powerful enough to demolish iron-plating. The Admiralty, of course, had tried their hands at a variety of experiments. Mr. REED had invented a bran-new method of stowing his guns, which was to get over the whole difficulty. Every kind of armament had been put in all sorts of ships—that is to say, every kind but one, that one being the particular gun which would drive shot and shell through six inches of iron. While all these varied trials were going on, and indeed before they commenced, Captain COLES had maintained that, if the artillerists would only make the required gun, he would find the way to work it on board ship. The Americans had quickly stolen his idea, and had reproduced it, though very imperfectly, in a whole fleet of Monitors; and at last, with all due official reluctance, the inventor of the cupola or turret system was allowed, not indeed to build such a ship as he proposed, but to fit his turrets on to an old razed two-decker. How the progress of the experiment was delayed while ship after ship, on rival plans, was launched

and plated and sent to sea, everybody knows; but at length, in spite of all hindrances, the *Royal Sovereign* was fairly afloat, armed with the only two guns in the British navy capable of smashing in the sides of a good iron-clad frigate. If this had been the sole distinction of the experimental vessel, it should have been enough to preserve her as part of our active fleet, at any rate until some other, if not some better, way of carrying the same armament should have been reduced to practice. For the actual protection which she could give, the *Royal Sovereign* was, for many purposes, without a rival in the fleet. It is true that she had been rigged in a manner so different from what had been intended as greatly to impair her value; but if she could not sail, she could steam, and she could fight, and that against adversaries which would be perfectly safe under the guns of any other ship in the service. But it was not so much in the service she could render as part of the fleet, as in her character of an experimental model, that the value of the *Royal Sovereign* consisted. If the heavy guns she carried could really be worked in fair weather or in foul, she was the first ship to solve the greatest problem of the day, and no pains could have been too great to ascertain exactly what her capabilities were, how she could be improved, and whether it was possible for an equal armament to be mounted on any other principle than that which Captain COLES had devised. By keeping her constantly under trial, and, as soon as might be, pitting against her the wonderful ship of the future which Mr. REED is always going to build to carry guns heavier than those of any turret-ship in the world, much might have been learned as to the form which our future navy will have to assume; and when the command of the vessel was given to one of the best officers in the service, it was imagined that the Admiralty had got over its pique, and really meant to give the turret principle the fair play which had been claimed for it.

Nothing, it now appears, was more remote from the official purpose. The ship was commissioned, it is true, a short time before Parliament was prorogued; but, long before Parliament can be re-assembled to make troublesome inquiries, she is ordered to be dismantled and turned over to the reserve, before any certain conclusion can have been arrived at as to the merits of the novelties introduced into her build and armament. So far as can be learned, the partial trial which she has undergone has been very creditable to her—much more so, it is said, than that of the rival principle embodied in the *Research* and the *Enterprise*; but, in truth, nothing has been ascertained that can be regarded as conclusive either for or against her. The ship has not been allowed to join the Channel Fleet; she has never been tested in a heavy sea, and for all practical purposes cannot be said to have been tried at all. It is possible that she may have shown some defects—very likely, indeed, considering that she was only a patched-up ship at last; but it is impossible that any safe conclusion can have been arrived at condemnatory of the only mode of construction by which efficient guns have yet been included in any naval armament. We are by no means satisfied that the cupola principle must eventually supersede every other plan, but as yet, in the most important particular of all, it has surpassed every competing device which has yet been brought to bear; and until some other mode of making our ships dangerous to iron-plated enemies shall have been invented, it is not too much to say that the solitary turret-ship of which we can boast ought to be kept, not only in commission, but constantly under trial. It is clear now that the commissioning of the ship in the first instance was only a plausible concession, and that the whole cost so incurred is about to be thrown away in order to show the world that in the month of October the Board of Admiralty is strong enough to defy public opinion and common sense.

There is no possibility of denying that the Admiralty has achieved a very original feat, and displayed its independence in an extremely striking manner. But if it should happen hereafter that this vigorous decision may have to be reversed, and that the despised turret-ship may be found to deserve yet another trial, it is difficult to see what the Admiralty will have gained, in prestige or otherwise, by its unaccountable perversity. We do not look upon the proceeding with any serious alarm, because it may safely be predicted that the Admiralty will know how to tack when it feels the breath of the wind to which it ordinarily is content to yield. There will be nothing at all surprising in the announcement, at some not distant date, that the Board has gone about, and reconsidered its determination, and that the *Royal Sovereign* is to be sent to sea again. This would be quite after the Admiralty manner; and though the freak of the Board may involve all the cost of dismantling and recom-

missioning the ship, no one will know how large the needless expense will have been, and the serious danger of interrupting the most important experiment now going on in the navy will sooner or later be averted. It will be curious to watch whether gentle autumnal breezes will suffice to waft the Admiralty into this happy course, or whether Captain COLES' experiment is destined to lie becalmed until a good Parliamentary gale shall fill its sails again. That the original idea is already felt to have been a blunder is apparent from the semi-official explanation volunteered in the *Times*. After all that was said about the excellence of the hull of the *Royal Sovereign* when complaints were made that a new ship was not built to test the cupola principle, it is amusing to be told now that the vessel was never meant to go to sea, and is only an improved harbour battery—a sort of development of the old *Trusty* and *Glatton* class. If this were true, it was useless to commission the ship at all. The defence, indeed, only throws back the fault to an earlier stage of the proceedings. The vital point to be ascertained is, whether sea-going ships can or cannot be constructed to carry the heaviest class of guns. The Admiralty has been boasting for years, while the *Royal Sovereign* was being slowly rebuilt as a turret-ship, that this problem was in course of solution; and now, when the ship is finished, it is coolly announced that no intention ever existed of trying the experiment at all. It is to little purpose that big guns are made if we have no ships to carry them at sea, and if the *Royal Sovereign* has not been constructed for that purpose, the sooner the Admiralty commences the long-delayed experiment the better it will be for the safety of the country.

RIGHTS.

IF the enthusiasts who plan new social systems founded on the inherent Rights of Man were allowed to take all infants, as the advertisements say, from the month, and train them according to their theories, they would root out the idea of justice from the earth. The act of destroying private rights, and making every right public and general, would inevitably do this. The sense of having rights, and caring for them, is essential to strength of character, the only quality which can get a tight hold of the idea of justice. The child sensitive of its own rights learns, if apt and generous, to be therefore sensitive of others' rights, which is being just. Nobody can imagine that workhouse children, whose clothes come out of a common stock and are strictly transferable, whose tops or marbles are not their own, but the gift of a benevolent person to the community, who have scarce a right to their own name, are in the way—whatever their abstract teaching, and their seclusion from many forms of evil—to learn anything about justice. If they have no rights, neither has anybody else, as far as they know. We are not saying that the possession of rights necessarily teaches justice, but it is certainly the natural and appointed way. The precept of doing as we would be done by could hardly be carried out without it. However, the question with practical men is not whether they have any private rights, but what their rights are. And here comes in the real or seeming injustice—the partial distribution of rights. To have many rights, and power to enforce them, is consequence and prosperity; to have even a few, and those ascertained and acknowledged, constitutes a satisfactory standing in life; to have to maintain disputed rights is trial and contention; to have no recognised rights is to be a slave, whatever a man's condition in life. Yet, after all, we may find that in most cases it is the nature rather than the number of their rights that constitutes the difference between man and man, and between class and class. Certain it is that no one can enforce all his rights to the utmost; and in those which a man cannot enforce, but which others can, they have the advantage over him. Rights are inherent, legal, social, and of the heart. If a father pushes his rights of authority over his children to an extreme limit, he has no right to their affection. If an Englishman pushes his love of independence too far, he weakens his rights of friendship. The man who acts on his right to do what he will with his own has not the right to the social consideration which he might otherwise claim. The mere existence of many much-envied rights, if not formally renounced, is incompatible with other rights—as, for example, a nobleman may not indulge in freedoms which are the right of the poor man. If he is negligent of appearances and defiant of conventions, it is license, and not right; while this liberty is the lawful privilege and immunity of the other, and no inconsiderable one either.

Whatever people's rights are, however, it is not often that their own estimate of them tallies with that of others. There is nothing on which principals and outsiders differ more. If we go into the cause of most quarrels, we shall find it not in a wilful disregard of rights so much as in a sincere difference of opinion. Whenever we are displeased with others, it is because we suppose some right of ours to be infringed, but the last thing men think of is that the provocation may arise from a simple difference of view. They can believe in wilful over-riding and conscious opposition, but that their right should be ignored is, from the nature of things, difficult to understand, and this often the more from their not realizing that the quarrel is about rights at all. The

question is not put in that form, because the word "rights" has something technical and legal about it. But every relation of man with man equally consists of them, and it is the clash of diverse rights that brings contention. People quarrel with their neighbour because he asserts one set of rights when they have in mind only another. This is a case, says the one, in which I have a right to please myself. This is a case, says the other, in which I have a right to speak my mind. There needs nothing more to set two houses in a blaze. Of course circumstances only can prove who is right; for if, on the one hand, few people have "a right to please themselves," on the other, the fact that a man has strictly and formally a right to pursue a course which is unpopular or opposed to the opinion of his set is not generally allowed sufficient weight in his friends' judgment and behaviour. Impulsive people constantly come to grief from their resistance to the fact of formal rights. Rights of the heart, the affections, and the feelings are much more prominent to them than the colder rights of law and authority. Thus persons who would be quite willing to acknowledge extravagant rights in their friends over their own time, means, and self-devotion, may be uniformly found in a state of alienation and quarrel with some member or other of their social circle because he has chosen, on some occasion, to stand upon a formal right or privilege which seemed to the sentimentalist an infringement of the more delicate rights of friendship and confidence. Those people keep their friendships unbroken who acquiesce in the first hint of standing on positive rights, and never push their own less tenable ones when these stop the way, knowing that no person is necessarily in the wrong so long as he does not transgress the common law of social rights.

Another form of the conflict of rights is constantly seen between givers and expectants of preferment. For every office or good thing there are always several who have degrees of right to it. It is melancholy to think of the number of men soured by the persuasion that they have been deprived of their due by some treacherous patron, whose hints or vague promises have been construed as creating rights on their part. Now no patron is justified in promising his patronage but on very good ground; yet certainly such promises imply conditions on the other side, of the fulfilment of which the promisee is seldom a fair judge. A promise is not, even morally speaking, synonymous with a gift. Nothing can divest a man of his right or responsibility in respect of his patronage; but expectations would never rise to the confident height they often reach if the expectant did not virtually deny this, and nullify the patron's inalienable rights by his own assumed claims. Sydney Smith, sensible man as he was, yet thought he had a right to a bishopric, and probably he had had civil professions of service from bishop-makers which constituted a sort of claim. But, as one bishopric after another became vacant, it was felt simply that he would not do; and this conviction that a man will not do is the power which constantly steps in between promise and performance, solely because it is never fully realized till the last moment. In the youthful ardours of friendship we may have all taken up quarrels having no better foundation than this, but experience warns us against such quixotism. It is all very well to be angry at the promise, but that is a different feeling from anger at the non-performance.

One question must always attend rights—how far they are inalienable, how far, by not exercising them, a man loses them. One thing is certain, that in the long run he does lose them; and the point is, whether society, or the abstraction we call the world, has a right to step in with a *coup d'état* and cashier the lethargic and incompetent? Dangerous as the doctrine is, we see no escape from the admission that there is such a thing as the right of the strongest (taking strength beyond its original meaning of brute force), not only in fact, but in morals. It is the most ticklish thing in nature to exercise this right fairly, but we all know times when we have felt its truth and force. The dog must not always keep possession of the manger, whatever may have been his right to his place at starting. De Quincy repeats an argument of that princely bully, his elder brother, which perplexed his youthful reason. If, said he, you meet a man with a musket, you may justly challenge him to make gunpowder, which if you can make and he cannot, the musket is *de jure* yours. "For what shadow of a right has a fellow to a noble instrument which he cannot maintain in a serviceable condition, and feed with its daily rations of powder and shot?" The principle is here carried a good deal further than we are prepared to follow it, but is it not the sole one on which a good deal of practical colonization can be defended?

The fact of neglecting rights has nothing to do with forgetting them. All people of all sorts are aware of their rights, and see their infringement with more or less of pain. You cannot take the most indolent man's place, and exercise his neglected privileges, but he knows it, and owes you a grudge for your intrusion. Nor does the fact of never having been admitted to the exercise of rights blind their owners. The most docile children, acting on a principle of implicit obedience, are keenly alive to the little oppressions of a tyrannizing affection, and to their exclusion from the privileges of their age. Of course we here speak of acknowledged class rights, for the abstract rights of man have yet to be settled. All that people are really jealous of are those which belong to their class, and which they see others enjoy. We can imagine a slave quite unconscious of any right to freedom, and yet very sensitive of his rights in his master's house; and very happy it is that scarcely any political

condition deprives men of these lesser rights, and of the power of asserting them.

There are certain legal rights so odious that the utmost care in their exercise can hardly render them tolerable to our sense of justice. Such, to the tourist, are the rights of landowners to exclude him from a beautiful coast, or from a fine point of view of scenery which he has travelled hundreds of miles to see. Such, more seriously, are some of the rights of property that press upon the poor and upon women; such is the right to parade your rights in times of political and religious excitement, at the certain risk of strongly tempting others to their infringement. Not but that the weak, on their side, are often most unreasonable on this head, demanding the immunities of weakness and the privileges of strength at the same time. For instance, women have numerically a greater number of private and social rights than men—of social as opposed to political rights. The advocates for giving an enlarged sphere of action to women claim a right to keep all these, and to superadd a number of political ones. But really no woman has a right to the best seat, the cosiest corner, to attentions, gallantries, and all the minor considerations, and, over and above these, to equality in other matters. If she intrudes into the parson's pulpit, the doctor's carriage, the lecturer's desk, the senator's chair, the mechanic's workshop, she has no right to man's arm to conduct her thither. In proportion as she gains rights out of doors, she renounces them in her drawing-room.

We have said that attention to the rights—great and minute, written and prescriptive—of others is justice in detail; and when the sense of justice "burns," as people say, within them, it seems as if this perception of others' rights must be an inherent intuitive faculty. If so, however, nothing is so easily clouded over. All selfishness does it—amiable selfishness as well as the other sort. All persons with narrow notions of happiness are more or less blind to the rights of the people about them. Thus there is no more inalienable right than that of being sometimes alone. Without occasional solitude, a man never realizes himself or becomes possessed of his whole being; yet there are good sort of people who, because they don't care for this "season of sweet silent thought" themselves, ignore the right of others to it. In this and a hundred other cases, they refuse to entertain ideas alien to their own tastes when put before them, and cannot be brought to see what the arbitrary enforcement of their own practice has to do with justice. In many a home, justice is an abstract thing, the correlative of trial by jury in its public capacity, and of paying of debts, and just weights and measures, in its more personal application; it does not mean a candid recognition of the distinct needs and rights of every individual with whom we are brought in relation. And this is true wherever the power lies. Servants of easy masters, children of failing parents, are often more grossly ignorant of the rights of their elders and betters, and more flagrant in their disregard of them, than where authority sits on the legitimate seat. There are many who see the rights of those belonging to them clearly enough, but are dead to those of all classes but their own, especially of classes beneath them. An undue jealousy and an exaggerated sense of the rights of family and dependants is sure to issue in obtuse disregard to those of the rest of the world; and in observing with what unconscious cruelty some good people will trifle with the time, the trouble, the feelings of others, in order to spare a favoured few—how they will ignore the mutual claims and the social compacts that should regulate all intercourse—one might suppose them infected with the modern heresies which dispute our common descent from Adam. Yet there is an affected candour and scrupulosity about rights which often passes for more than it is worth. Thus some will recognise and allow the rights of opponents, at the expense of those of friends. Justice, like charity, should begin at home, and we have little sympathy with the generosity which disregards those who, as being nearest to us, ought to be most considered in an ostentatious act of self-sacrifice. For the rest, there will always be a fashion in rights as in other things, and there never can be a universal furor for any given right without a host of minor rights being slighted, or, if the favourite right is very high-sounding and lofty in its moral pretensions, being trampled upon downright. Experience seems to show that there are no such contempters of small rights as the foremost sticklers for great ones.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

BISHOP ELLICOTT'S estimate of the literature of the present day is not complimentary, either in its substance or in the form of its expression. But it deserves more attention than pious censure usually obtains, because it comes from a man who is neither superficial, nor violent, nor prone to catch at popularity by humouring the religious prejudices of the day. It is probable, antecedently, that such a man would not give utterance to so unmeasured a denunciation unless there was something in the tone of literature which was new, and which a timid man might mistake for genuine infidelity. It is worth while inquiring what is that peculiarity in the mode of dealing with religious subjects pursued by the mass of literary men, which does, without doubt, thoroughly frighten a large number of excellent people, and which has called down such a vigorous philippic from a writer who is usually so temperate.

The great mark of difference which distinguishes this age from all that have gone before it is its advance in physical science. In

other respects we are much as our forefathers were. Art, poetry, philosophy, are certainly not more forward than they were many centuries ago. Political theories come and go; and in the successive predominance of the love of freedom, and the passion for strong government, we repeat with almost servile fidelity the experience of more ancient times. A man must be very ignorant, or very impudent, who should claim for this age any peculiar morality, whether in the wide or the restricted sense of the word; and, with the scenes that are passing in America before our eyes, it is difficult to maintain that we have made much advance in respect for human life or tenderness for human suffering. But our enormous superiority in the knowledge of physical science over every generation that has gone before us is palpable and undisputed. It would be a marvel—it would almost amount to a miracle—if this strongly marked peculiarity had not deeply tinged our habits of speculation and modes of reasoning. The whole tone of modern thought has become experimental. All that a reflecting man sees around him presents itself to him merely as raw material for an induction. Every fact that comes under his observation prompts him, almost unconsciously, to seek for the general law by which all the isolated phenomena of its class are bound together. The same causes have given a serious shake to that habit of believing in deference to authority which is the natural condition of the savage and of the childish mind. The last two or three generations have seen, in matters of science, doctrine after doctrine, once upheld by the highest authority with the most unflinching confidence, irrevocably shattered by increasing knowledge. They have learnt, by sheer experience, to regard the keenest intellect as very fallible, and especially fallible in regard to those views which it supports with peculiar ardour. These two habits of thought—that of generalization, and that of receiving *dicta ex cathedra* with distrust—are the two which physical science has planted deep in the stronger class of minds. Is it likely that religion, or any other domain of human thought, should escape their influence?

The distrust of authority is an old complaint—as old as the Reformation, or older—and the growth of science has only made it more prevalent and more ineradicable. Church dignitaries have almost given up, as a bad job, railing at this habit of the lay mind. Even the Romanists only ask that, after unsparing scrutiny has been applied to the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and it has passed that ordeal, its long string of necessary inferences should be accepted without flinching—which is a very reasonable demand. But the other habit bred by science—that of viewing all phenomena as members of a class and applications of a law—is the one whose effects have given a novel aspect to controversy, and which appears to have irritated and frightened Dr. Ellicott. There are two ways in which religious doctrines may be contemplated. You may treat them as they were treated in the "ages of faith"—believe them simply, and act on them, as a man believes in the Stock Exchange list, and buys and sells accordingly. Or you may look at them from a scientific point of view, as factors in the world's history, links in the chain of causation, influences operating upon the minds and movements of men. That they do occupy this position is a fact which cannot be disputed. No historian can leave them out of his account of the causes which have led to the present social and political condition of the world. No politician, in calculating the probable future, can omit to allow for their gigantic motive power. No observer can be blind to the curious analogies which are presented by the most widely differing religions, in their historical development, in their influence upon politics, and in their social results. It is impossible not to see that the action of religious dogma upon the human mind, and the re-action of the human mind upon it, is guided in a great degree by law; and that law applies with at least approximately equal force to the true religion and its counterfeits, to the Church and her opponents. That law, like all other laws mental or material, is a suitable subject for scientific investigation. The tendency of the age is to distinguish and describe every mental or spiritual fact, like every chemical salt, by its reactions. It is not only natural, but quite legitimate, that the reactions of various religious dogmas when applied to the human mind should be studied and classified, and should be the subject of theory and of discussion. The matter, to say the least, is as interesting as any other in the domain of psychology, and the facts for speculation to rest upon exist in great abundance.

It is here that Dr. Ellicott's mistake lies. Among the reactions of religious dogma upon the human mind, one of the results most constantly observed is its tendency to maintain the spirit of order and to forward social progress. Its effects in this direction, its mode of operation, and the disturbing causes which hinder its success, are the subjects of a good deal of discussion. Its results in this respect occur with sufficient uniformity to give a theoretical justification even for a body in which religions are so mixed as in our House of Commons interposing to promote Christianity. But because this aspect of religious doctrine is dwelt on by journalists and other lay writers almost exclusively, Dr. Ellicott comes to the conclusion that this is the only aspect in which any of them view it. He might as well say that "the trail of the serpent" is over all the proceedings of the British Association, because the members of it do not relate their spiritual experiences before they proceed to discuss geology. There is undoubtedly a class of biographers and a class of journalists who discuss religion, from the personal point of view, with a fulness and an absence of reserve which ought to be very gratifying to the Bishop of Gloucester. But

upon the majority of educated men this class of literature produces no other effect than that of incipient nausea. There is a time for all things, and the time, if there be one, for dwelling on the secrets of the soul is not the time when a man is writing for publication. Religion is a subject that cannot be avoided in secular literature, because it is a motive power of enormous energy in secular affairs. But if its effects are to be discussed scientifically, they must be discussed like other sciences. Neither piety nor good taste would be served by debating them in the nasal accents of devout ejaculation.

There is a grave and serious danger to Christianity which becomes more and more threatening every year, but it is one to which Bishop Ellicott is blind. It is the bearing of the appointed defenders of Christianity at a crisis so momentous as the present. The weapons which are wielded against received religious opinions in the present day are drawn from the new acquisitions of the age—from the storehouses of physical science and Oriental erudition. The assailants are men of learning, and conduct their cause with skill and moderation. The champions of Christianity, the dignitaries of the Church, as fighting for a better cause, should meet them with the weapons of more extensive knowledge, more conspicuous moderation, more eminent dialectic skill. They seem to be sensible of their danger, but the only defence they can think of in their alarm is the rusty, worn-out anathemas. They might as well attempt to hold a beleaguered place with cross-bows. The uttering of anathemas doubtless gives some inscrutable pleasure to those who are engaged in the occupation; and it may possibly have some influence upon the minds of the old women of England, though we are not aware that among that interesting class heterodoxy is at all upon the increase. But upon thinking minds—the prize for the possession of which this conflict is really waged—the anathemas have no other effect than that of exciting ridicule, and a slight prejudice against the cause they are employed to defend. There is no disinclination to listen respectfully to the arguments which the authorities of the Church may have to urge. The Gallican-like tone which Dr. Ellicott imputes to the leaders of public opinion was never rarer than it is at the present day. There are, and always will be, a certain number of persons who answer to Gibbon's description of the Roman magistrate, and value all religions as equally useful; and the temptation to this kind of temper necessarily acts with peculiar force upon politicians and public writers. But the class is not only not dominant, but is exceptionally weak just now. It is a very long time since there were so many men, in leading positions, notoriously and unmistakably actuated by distinct convictions upon religious matters, as there have been during the last ten or twenty years. It is true that there are several very odd religions about. The incompetence which has been shown, speaking generally, by orthodox controversialists, and their insatiable neglect of the sciences from which the weapons of attack are drawn, have undoubtedly generated a good deal of eclectic religion. But it does not follow that religion is generally looked upon as an instrument of statecraft because the anathemas of the Bishops are held up to ridicule. The Bishops are not laughed at for standing by their belief. They would be despised if they abandoned it. Staunchness in the support of a cause is admired even by those who disbelieve in it. When they are laughed at, it is as the Pope and his encyclical letters are laughed at, for the absurd disproportion between the objects at which they aim and the means which they employ. They are laughed at for trying to keep errors of opinion down by scolding at them, and seeking to terrify heretics by big words. It was not ridiculous in their predecessors. The man who has the power to burn may scold without the least fear of seeming absurd. But oburgating impotence has always been a legitimate subject for ridicule. It is not for asserting the doctrines of their Church that the Bishops are laughed at, but for affecting a power which they do not possess, and for imagining that, in a conflict of argument, volubility of denunciation will add any strength to their side.

THE EXPLOSION AT ERITH.

LONDON was frightened out of its dulness, in the early hours of last Saturday, by a shock which must have served, in some slight degree, to give us all some notion of what it is to live in Quito. It is not so long since we had some faint and indistinct notion of what a real earthquake is; but on this last occasion human skill and ingenuity outdid the powers of nature. An artificial explosion of the magnitude which occurred at the Erith gunpowder magazines far exceeds the dying and evanescent wave of igneous action which is all that is ever likely to reach our shores from the great centres of volcanic energy. Over an area through which a straight line of perhaps fifty miles can be drawn, the effects of the explosion were unquestionably registered; and if it is really true that as far as Cambridge, Windsor, and low down into Sussex, some portentous disturbance was felt, the investigation of the conditions—apparently, but of course not really, capricious—which regulate atmospheric and terrestrial vibration will attach to the Erith explosion some scientific importance, which, however, at present it does not seem to possess. To compare the results with those of Grant's famous and unsuccessful mine before Petersburg, or with some of the celebrated submarine explosions in Portsmouth harbour, is illusory; because, in all intentional gunpowder explosions, the force exerted is compressed, and its action is therefore intensified. At Erith, the powder exploded

was practically loose, and in the open air; and the comparison sought to be established is only that of a given quantity of powder exploded, in one case in the chamber of a gun, and in another on an open space. No doubt, had the powder exploded in the Erith marshes been securely buried in a mine under St. Paul's, not one stone or brick of London would have been left on another had it been scientifically laid and scientifically fired. The real matter for wonder and thankfulness is that so little loss of life occurred, and that the damage to property is mainly confined to glaziers and joiners' work. It is an inconvenient and costly accident, but it must not be compared in all the tragic elements of pity and terror to one of the great fire-damp explosions in a coal mine, still less to such a catastrophe as that of the reservoir in the Sheffield valley of last spring. Not but that, on this occasion, the old enmity of fire and water was on the eve of being for once reconciled into a truce of common mischief; for the breaking-down of the river embankment all but flooded a vast extent of the low Kentish marshes, where the destruction of property, and perhaps of human life, would have been appalling. Happily, with the instant and imminent danger was associated the eager and active deliverance. High civilization, to which the bane was owing, was ready with an immediate antidote; and the fortunate presence of a large body of trained and skilful military sappers and miners, and an equally skilled horde of navvies actually at work on the main drainage close by, averted the worst consequences of the explosion. A gallant struggle between man and the rising tide ended by a victory on the side of trained skill and active good will, and it must have been a picturesque sight to have seen the burly conquerors of the river god in his strength fling up their barrows and shovels as soon as they found the flood, perilous and strong, utterly foiled by the extemporized wall which they had raised in those few and dangerous hours.

We have but small sympathy with the croakers and grumblers by profession or temper who cultivate that cheap and easy wisdom which is wise after the event, and who complain of the lack of legal precaution and domiciliary forethought which ought to render so terrible a casualty impossible. Gunpowder can scarcely be deprived of its explosive character, and gunpowder, to be used, must be moved as well as made, and it is difficult to point out how it can be moved without the presence of man. These Erith magazines were confined to a solitary marsh, and there is no reason to suppose that more men were employed in the transit of the powder than were absolutely necessary, or that those men were permitted to be careless. It is, unhappily, only too true that all were killed or wounded who came within the range of danger, but every precaution appears to have been taken that those endangered should, under any circumstances, be few. If gunpowder must be made and must be moved, all that law and care can do seems to have been done. The powder-mills were constructed in a solitary place, and all the workmen employed in the manufactory and carriage of powder were shod with list shoes. Trucks with copper wheels and wooden tramways were in use, and though it is to be regretted that so many of those whose lives were lost were the children and females of the families inhabiting the two or three isolated and detached cottages which adjoined the magazines, it would appear to be impossible to prevent their presence on these dangerous sites. The simple fact is that, in a high state of civilization, most dangerous manufactures and trades must be carried on. There are always found men with wives and families ready to engage in these and other such frightful modes of life, perfectly aware that they carry their lives in their hands. We cannot prohibit dangerous manufactures, if the business of society is to go on, and even to hint at prohibiting the manufacture or carriage of gunpowder is palpably absurd; so society must make up its mind to the consequences of those risks which individuals so willingly undertake. If people would get the right warning from the Erith explosion, it is to look at home. The dangers connected with our public arsenals, our Government powder stores, the powder magazines on board our ships, our carriage of powder on a large scale, and our storing of powder, are already, speaking generally, reduced to a minimum. The explosion at Liverpool last year and the present accident are almost solitary instances of destruction on a large scale from this cause. But it would be too much to assure ourselves that small stores of powder in common shops are looked after with equal care; it is impossible to believe that travellers do not, especially at this time of the year, carry powder and cartridge with very little caution and thought; and there is not a home in England that does not run daily risks from the careless stowage and handling of lucifer matches, which—proportionately to the life and property endangered—are infinitely greater, because the precautions are infinitely less, than those existing in powder mills and magazines.

To all these sad accidents there is an absurd side. Sensationalism, with eager nostril, sniffed the coming chances of exaggeration, and ran riot, not only in tremendous writing, but in revelling upon horrors of which the bare recital was more than horrible enough. The very suddenness and uncertainty of the destruction of course invested the event with exceptional terrors. The mystic period announced by Dr. Cumming was at hand; and though the prophet of the Coming Tribulation is said to be taking example from his own bees, and laying up honey and meditation upon golden harvests—solid as well as liquid, from publishers as well as hives—it may well be that some of his votaries thought on Saturday morning that the archangel's trump was blown in that

sudden and hideous alarm on the Thames shore. The phenomena of a tremendous fire-blast do not change, and when the great Vesuvian eruption which produced that gigantic smoke column which Pliny compared to a palm-tree was repeated in what a newspaper correspondent calls an exaggerated mushroom, it is not impossible that unscientific persons may for a moment have thought that the doom of Pompeii, or of the Cities of the Plain, was hanging over the imperial capital. But it is curious to contrast the first frenzied outbursts of the penny press with the sober and more historical proportions to which a few hours reduced a calamity which in any dimensions is sufficiently shocking. Fifty deaths were the fewest that were written down in the first spurt of the *couleur de deuil*; nine or ten deaths, it is to be hoped, will cover the fatal list. Two ships were blown to pieces, and these were found to be only the powder lighters. Thirty thousand barrels of gunpowder were computed to have exploded—a figure which Messrs. Hall and facts soon reduced to a little more than a single thousand. Round numbers sensibly affect the eye, and still more strongly the imagination; and, as ciphers are cheap and easy to write, the complete and manageable estimate of exactly one million of pounds sterling was computed as the total amount of damage before the facts were six hours old. Not that the hasty historians of evil confined themselves to these broad and startling effects of literary scene-painting. The Teniers details were equal to the savage and fiery glow of even Martin's horror-dealing brush. Not only were we made acquainted with the frantic terror of a whole city roused in the early morning from its day-dreams, but we were gravely informed that "the glasses at the Waterloo Arms Tavern, George Street, Camberwell, were sent dancing about the tables, and chairs in the Father Redcap, at Camberwell Green, were forced round the large club-room"—little facts which we dare say are true, and which certainly lend a pictorial significance to the scene, while they suggest that early drinking is not unknown in those respectable hostelrys, and almost lead to the inference that "our own reporters" were not without an intimate acquaintance with the suburban public. To the curious in contemporary history, at least to those on whose hands time hangs heavy, we can recommend the columns of the penny press of Monday. What is not written in the book of Kings, is it not written in the Chronicles? Six columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and ten columns of the *Morning Star*, will satisfy the curious in fine writing and scientific statement. Few things are more amusing in their way than seeing in print the wonderful gabble of the gentlemen who write to the newspapers to whose comprehensive nets all communications are fish. Some of them availed themselves of the opportunity to do a little business on their own account, and a crockeryman in Shoreditch describes his fright as being the greater because he "had a large stock on hand." Most of the letter-writers confine themselves to an imitation of the scientific line, and without hesitation register the facts of a supposed earthquake. With superfluity of civility all these letters are printed; but, in the interests of science, we should like to know the instruments and the method employed by the very accurate observer who, in the *Morning Star*, calculates the precise height of the column of smoke thrown up by the explosion at a mile and a half, and its shadow at two miles from E. to W.

NOVUM ITER GERMANICUM.

NOT many years before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' war, there travelled, in the suite of a Florentine Embassy commissioned to communicate to the various German Courts the accession of a new Duke of Tuscany, an ingenious literary gentleman calling himself Daniel Eremita. To his facile pen we owe a more or less trustworthy account of the various sovereigns and principalities with which he came into contact. It was his habit in the morning to pick up the floating scandal of the place in which he happened to be living, at noon to listen to the revelations of society in its cups, and at eventide to transfer to his diary his opinions, speedily formed but decisively adopted, on what he had seen, heard, and taken in. In our own days we have heard of at least one Irish Secretary who, by a furious drive through Galway and Kerry, thought himself fully qualified for a thorough understanding of the districts thus favoured by him in his comet-like career. Our great national instructor, the *Times*, has apparently resolved to illuminate our insular minds with regard to the political past, present, and future of each particular European country, at a rate little less astonishing, by means of flying Correspondents. For the present, a beginning has been made with Germany—a country with which we have now been for some time engaged in so edifying an exchange of international amenities that it behoves us to learn something in detail about the status of our political *bête-noire*. The Danish war being apparently at an end, it was thought fit to send a Special Correspondent to visit in turn the minor States of Germany, giving a day or two to each, and to reveal to the British public, once for all, their hopes, their fears, their prospects, and their dangers. For this easy task a gentleman appears to have been selected whose qualifications are the pen of a ready writer, the tongue of an infallible prophet, and an inextinguishable Danomania and Prussophobia. He commenced his tour towards the end of August last, and in less than a month succeeded in more or less copiously "doing" Lübeck, Hamburg, Hanover,

Brunswick, Leipzig, and Dresden. It is satisfactory to think that during the whole of his breathless tour through the minor States of Northern Germany he saw nothing tending to shake, in any respect, the theory which, with considerable unction, he first enunciated in his "inauguratory" letter from Lübeck. He at that time apprised the world that the German Confederacy really consists of three great divisions—Prussia, Austria, and all the other States put together; and that in it are principally two parties—namely, "what is generally called the Democratic or Federal, and what he should call the 'Guelph,' party—men bent upon giving the Frankfort Diet the utmost authority, so as to enable it to screen the minor States from the overbearing encroachments of the two great Powers," and "an Aristocratic or Unitarian, or he might say 'Ghibeline,' party," who think that the sympathies of all practical patriots belong to Prussia. This latter party, he continues, triumphed in the humiliation of the Diet by the great Powers during the war; and it is, we suppose, this party which, according to his notion, will support Prussia in all her attempts at annexation, which the Special Correspondent, as he goes along, finds only too much reason to apprehend.

To the appellations of Guelph and Ghibeline we dare not offer the faintest objection. But we are at a loss to conjecture what party the ingenious writer has in his eye when he speaks of the "Democratic" party which is desirous of upholding and extending the authority of the Frankfort *Bund*. Does he look upon M. de Beust as the leader of this "Democratic" faction, and upon the Federal Diet as the incarnation of "Democratic" ideas? The Confederation, with its organ the Diet, as every one acquainted with the alphabet of German politics knows, constitutes the bugbear, and not the palladium, of all Germans who aspire after a real national unity. It was reinstated by the exertions of Austria, at the Dresden Conferences, in the teeth of the crushed "Democratic" party; and the "Radicals," of whom he speaks as contemplating a revolution against the two great Powers, "led either by the Diet itself or by some of its more daring and enterprising members," exist either in a "minor State" of which political geography is silent, or in the fertile imagination of the Correspondent. On the other hand, the "Aristocratic" party—which desires not, indeed, the annexation of the minor States by Prussia, but the assumption by the latter of the German executive—includes the haughty Feudalists of the *Nationalverein*.

From Lübeck the thoughtful traveller hurries on to Hamburg, whence he despatches several letters. At first his tone is plaintive, even to piety. Recurring to the spoliation of Denmark, he perceives "a necessity for a firm trust in Providence, who chooses to work out His inscrutable and, let us hope, beneficial ends by such means." But his spirits rise as he begins (for his travels in Germany have now already extended over nearly a week) to become aware of a conservative tendency in the German mind, which induces him to think that the Germans are not really in earnest for the Union of which they talk so much. If the public which is so anxious to believe this wishes for excellent proofs for its belief, they are at hand. Among them is the aggravating number of post-offices in Hamburg and Lübeck, where the Swedish, Danish, Prussian, and other Governments have each a separate office for their own use. Here is an instance of the love "for the quaint, the grotesque, and the baroque," in the German mind, exemplified in the burghers of "these Free Cities." No one, as it happens, would be readier to get rid of these multifarious post-offices than the Free Cities themselves; but the offices are all secured to their respective Governments by treaties dating back to 1815. To a treaty, as to a bargain, there are two parties; and the unwillingness to rescind these particular compacts happens not to lie with the Free Cities thus twitted with their want of real Unionistic progress. Another instance is found in the reluctance of the Hamburgers to forego the advantages of their Porto-Franco and enter the *Zollverein*, on the plea that such an entrance would bring about the total ruin of their "*Freystaat*." In the first place, the Correspondent might have heard the question openly discussed at the present moment at Hamburg, where there is a very strong party in favour of her accession to the Customs' Union; and, again, the present state of things prevents German union to the alarming extent that goods not destined for consumption in Hamburg and the other Free and Hanseatic Cities pay duty to a common fund, from which they draw no share, a mile or two outside their inland gates.

But these are trifles. It is when the Correspondent reaches Hanover that he once more takes out of his carpet-bag his prophetic tripod, and proceeds to give forth utterances of fatal import from it. His first letter from this capital darkly hinted at certain serious and imminent dangers to which the Kingdom of Hanover is now exposed. Europe, which received this gloomy intimation in the *Times* of August 30th, waited in breathless suspense for the revelation of the following day. The dangerous situation of Hanover, together with Brunswick and the Saxon Kingdom, Duchies, and Grand Duchies (?), lying as a great enclave between the claws of a huge monster—Prussia—was then for the first time pointed out. We were informed how keenly all these little ones had felt their position, how well they had been aware of their danger. To the Diet alone they could look for support; if overpowered there, they had no choice but revolution. "It was upon such a scheme that Hanover, Saxony, and other States were bent at the beginning of the present year." It consisted in

taking advantage of the clamour for the Duchies, and "supplying the *Bund* with its army of execution." "They acted upon no settled plan." But they were snubbed, and the deed of darkness was done by other hands. And now they have nothing but annihilation staring in their guilty faces; for Europe, "which stood by at the discrowning of the Queen of the Sound," will not interfere for such as they are. Prussia's game has been going on in secret for some years—witness the cession of the Bay of Jähde to her by Oldenburg (of course a perfectly voluntary cession); but now it may be played openly, and, if French support does not come at the eleventh hour, Hanover and the rest are lost. All this is mere moonshine. There is as much fear of Prussia swallowing up Hanover as of Italy taking Switzerland, or Spain Portugal, or Brazil Peru. To speak of such a thing is to cast an utterly groundless assertion upon the brandy-and-waters of British taproom politics. And as for Hanover and Saxony having "supplied the *Bund*" with its army of execution, as if the latter had consisted of so many volunteers, Hanover and Saxony were in due order—and at first together with Prussia and Austria—entrusted with the execution by the Diet. As to their having had "no settled plan," and having been bent upon their revolutionary scheme "at the beginning of the present year," execution in Holstein, threatened ever since 1858, was finally resolved upon on October 1st of last year. So far from Hanover and Saxony thrusting themselves forward, the British Minister at Hanover, according to the Blue-book, actually expressed his doubts as to the Hanoverian Government "being pleased at the arrangement, according to which they, in conjunction with Saxony, were in the first instance to be charged with carrying out the execution."

Arrived at Brunswick, and commencing a new variation on his old theme, the Correspondent certainly has something like a colour for his assertions; but the manner in which he goes to work with his facts, when he has got the semblance of any, is in itself instructive. He is charmed with "dear old Brunswick," and reckons the Brunswickers "among the manliest and most resolute people in Germany"—for did they not on one occasion send an objectionable Duke to the right about? All the more painful is the present conjuncture of Brunswick affairs. The present Duke is almost certain to die without issue (he is, in fact, unmarried); and the Duchy must be made over to some neighbouring potentate. Everybody, the Correspondent believes, has been consulted who is interested in the matter—with the exception of the Brunswickers themselves. He can see no reason why the future destinies of the country should be confided to any other arbiter, why the "States-General" (?) should not be assembled, the question calmly debated, and the "adoption of an heir" or annexation to some other State, if deemed preferable, decided on. The reason is that Brunswick is an hereditary and not an elective monarchy. "There may possibly be some provision in the Federal Act by which all matters of disputed succession should devolve upon the Frankfort Diet." There is no such provision; but by its reception of the representative of any particular German sovereign, and consequent exclusion of the envoy of any other, the Diet virtually decides the question of any disputed succession—as it is, *e.g.*, now about to decide that between the Augustenburg and Oldenburg houses. The Correspondent airily continues—"For what concerns Brunswick, it had been settled, Heaven knows how or by whom, that it should, upon the extinction of the Ducal line, become a province of Hanover." Nobody had settled any such thing; but it was generally believed that the present King of Hanover is, by the rules of descent, the next heir to the throne of Brunswick. The Brunswickers, we further learn, had gradually become reconciled to their fate, when suddenly (ever since the commencement of the discussion full three years ago) Prussia is said to have some vague claims to the succession; "and she relies upon the strength of arms to make up for the weakness of her pretended rights." For the last assertion there is no shadow of evidence; and as to the weakness of her pretended rights we may feel pretty certain that the Correspondent, at all events, has not given himself much trouble in examining into the questions. These vague claims were put forward anything but vaguely in an able pamphlet published unofficially in 1861 by a Prussian lawyer, Dr. Bohlmann, and rest in the main on a nice legal question concerning the revival of the rights of the female line by the dissolution of the German Empire in 1806. His arguments, which are at first sight sufficiently plausible, have, in the opinion of most judges, been satisfactorily answered in a semi-official pamphlet composed by Professor Zachariæ of Göttingen. As for the fears of the Brunswick people, it is notorious that the Democratic party there is in favour of the Prussian succession; so that the Correspondent's apprehensions as to the dreary fate of "dear old Brunswick" are, at all events, far from being shared by the majority of its own inhabitants.

At Leipzig he heard but little, for he missed an appointment with a bookseller, and failed to find a newspaper in the *restaurants*, or to make men talk politics at the *table d'hôte*. Leipzig—where every citizen is a politician and a reader of newspapers, and which in this respect, as in others, deserves the name of "a little Paris" as much in these days as when Goethe bestowed it—will scarcely recognise itself in a portrait which makes it a kind of German Venice. At Dresden, however, the eager traveller heard all the more, though we are at a loss to imagine his interlocutor. He begins by a comparison of Saxony to Tuscany—*passé pour cela*. But when he begins his account

of the Royal family by blandly adding exactly a score of years to the age of the learned monarch whom any visitor to Dresden must have knocked up against twenty times a day, and states that "the present King, John of Saxony, is eighty-three years old," we are prepared at once for some startling revelations. The matter would not be in itself of much importance; but it is soothing to think that the danger of Saxony's being swallowed up by Prussia is thus, at all events, staved off a little further. He allows that it is early times to despair of the legitimate succession of the reigning dynasty, and is aware that, in the event of its failing, the Kingdom would go to the Saxe-Weimar line. But what if Prussia were to take it into her head to oppose the claims of the Weimar line, or to take up those of any other pretender? Who can answer such a question? We might, indeed, reply that in such a case "Russia might step in with her tallows"; but any other solution we should prefer to put off till this terrible complication actually takes place. If the *Times* deems it advisable to terrify its readers by permitting its chosen correspondents to conjure up such phantoms, that is its own business. But, as our leading newspapers are read by foreigners as well as Englishmen, the time is not far distant when the former may begin to suspect that there is something surpassing even the sagacity and courtesy of our Foreign Office—to wit, the wisdom and trustworthiness of Our Special Correspondents.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AT THE ANTIPODES.

AS a rule, the approach of a general election in a remote colony is not an object of very serious interest to the politicians of the Mother-country. The questions involved are commonly so purely personal, or, should any principle by accident enter into them, it is so intricate and obscure, as to create a very reasonable indifference in the mind of anybody not specially concerned about the way in which they may be decided. The most anxious of mothers, after she has once got her daughter fairly established in life, scarcely feels called upon to share the young housekeeper's excitement about a saucy cook, or a housemaid with objectionable followers. Provided the cook does not poison the whole family, nor the followers carry off the plate, the aspect of things is seldom sufficiently serious to attract much notice from relatives who have their own concerns to attend to; and a nation that has so troublesome a servant as Earl Russell to look after may well be excused from going into the details of petty convulsions in its colonies. Australian politics have hitherto been, happily perhaps for the Australians, of less general importance than those of almost any other dependency, and the momentous question whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith should be Prime Minister has been regarded in England with tolerably profound composure. For once, however, the colonists have abandoned exclusively personal contests for one of principle. The general election that is to take place next month will turn, it is said, upon the great and familiar question of Free Trade or Protection to native industry. A large and active Protectionist association has been organized, and there appears to be every prospect of a severe, if not decisive, contest. Considering that Australia takes commodities from us every year that amount in value to between eleven and twelve millions sterling, it is impossible in the present ease to complain of the pettiness of colonial politics. The success of the Protectionists would virtually be equivalent to restricting the area of the market for English wares by very nearly one-twelfth. Granting that other channels might be discovered for disposing of the goods thus thrown on our hands, and that even in Australia the restriction could not last for ever, still the controversy remains of the highest importance. A protective tariff once set up is as hard to overthrow as anything else which a large class thinks its best interests bound up in maintaining, and there is no reason for supposing that the manufacturers whom, it is assumed, such a tariff would create would show themselves at all less unscrupulously or obstinately selfish than the backers of Mr. Morrill in America. The effect upon English commerce would be about as mischievous as if France, or even the Hanse Towns, were to impose high protective duties upon all English goods. But, of course, this is not the point of view from which the Australian electors will look at the question that is now submitted to them by rival demagogues. Whatever decision they may ultimately come to will certainly be dictated by no desire to serve the interests of the Mother-country, even if they do not take the opportunity to resent the threatened importation of convicts by prohibiting the importation of more serviceable commodities. Nobody can blame them for any measures they may take for their own advancement, but one need not be an English merchant doing a large business with Melbourne or Sydney to hope that the present Protectionist agitation will be fruitless.

The position taken by the Protectionist at the antipodes is perhaps a shade less flagrantly irrational than that of his prototypes at home twenty years ago, though this, to be sure, is not saying much for him. Political economy unfortunately is a science whose most fundamental laws can only be applied to actual circumstances with many modifications, conditions, and exceptions. Under cover of this admitted fact, every transgressor of these laws maintains that his is a case which requires to have peculiar allowance made for it. Those acute economists, for instance, the spinners and manufacturers of Lancashire, in the midst of the cotton crisis, demanded a virtual bounty upon the growth of their raw

material; and when reminded that this was a glaring violation of the law of demand and supply, they replied with laudable readiness that practical conditions constantly require the suspension of theoretical rules. The Australian Protectionist advances an identical argument. He fully admits that under ordinary circumstances, and even under any circumstances in an old country, a protective tariff is a certain source of detriment to all but a few comparatively small sections of the community. The consumer is made to pay higher prices than he ought to do, in order that some of the excess may find its way into the pocket of the producer, and the tariff inflicts a great deal of evil as a means of producing a very minute good. But then, he goes on to say, writers of authority on political economy concede that protective duties may sometimes be conveniently used as a means of giving a certain branch of industry a start. Without a temporary advantage of this kind, a young nation must continually depend for the greater portion of the articles of its consumption upon a foreign trade which was itself fostered by protection in some shape at its commencement. By protecting native industry, it is argued, you merely tax one or two generations, and surely this is a very inconsiderable price to pay for the innumerable advantages that must accrue to all succeeding generations when that industry has been fairly developed. For a time people must consent to have worse things than they might otherwise procure, and to pay more dearly for them, but as soon as our own manufacturers have had a chance of raising themselves to the level of those of the old countries, everything will become both better and cheaper.

This way of stating the matter may seem plausible, but the assailants of the principles of Free Trade have always been so remarkable for the specious shiftiness of their pleading that people look at their "exceptional cases" with a well-founded suspicion. Mr. Chowler and his friends never denied that Protection in itself was indefensible, but maintained that the national subsistence was a peculiar case, and that we ought not to allow ourselves to become dependent upon foreigners for food. When the repeal of the Navigation Laws was discussed, those who advocated their continuance wished to make out that national defence was another peculiar case, and that we ought to run no risk of a short supply of skilful seamen. In the case of Australia, the burden of proof will lie entirely upon the Protectionists, and they will have to show both that the present circumstances of the colonies are peculiarly suitable for the protection of the commodities which they propose to exempt from competition, and that there is a reasonable probability that this protection will enable the colonial producer to dispense with artificial assistance within a moderate time. It seems more than doubtful whether they can satisfy either of these conditions. It is impossible to believe that the peculiar resources of the country are so narrow that labour can find no better employment than in producing inferior imitations of English articles. Yet the Protectionist theory implies that there is little or nothing which the colony can bring to market at an advantage, for, if there were, of course it would be to the interest of the colonists to confine themselves to the production of such commodities, and exchange them for the things which we produce at an advantage. The mistake is exactly the same in principle as our old attempts to force the timber trade with Canada by imposing a tremendous duty upon the importation of all but Canadian timber into this country. The result was that we got inferior timber, while the Canadians were induced to neglect the cultivation of their lands, which would have been far more profitable to them. In the same way, the twofold result of artificially forcing certain kinds of industry by a protective duty will be, first, that the colonists will get worse articles at a higher price; and, secondly, that their attention will be withdrawn from those kinds of industry in which the nature and resources of their country furnish them with distinct advantages. Moreover, the commerce in all those commodities in which Australia chiefly deals at present—in gold, wool, and hides—must unquestionably suffer the most serious injury from the exclusion of British goods. If a protective tariff would affect the colonists as buyers, it would affect them even more as sellers. It would not only raise their prices when they wanted to buy, but it would lower them when they wanted to sell. For, if there are no imports, what is to pay for the exports? As it is, we are willing to take Australian wool, and to pay the colonists for it with English boots or hardware, or anything else which lower wages and greater skill and other favouring circumstances enable us to manufacture more cheaply than they can. But to put heavy duties on boots and hardware is to refuse to take them in payment any longer; in other words, it is deliberately to cripple their own power of purchasing, and to shut up their own market. The nation that curtails its imports in about the same degree curtails its exports, and if Australia will not take goods for her exports—payment in gold being clearly out of the question in this particular case—her exporting classes will be mortally damaged for the sake of remote and visionary advantages to their grandchildren. All protection is twice cursed; it curseth him that buys and him that sells. If this plain argument were once fully understood by the large numbers of colonists whose whole subsistence for the present and hopes for the future depend upon the thriving condition of their exports, there would probably not be much chance of a Protectionist success. But so many cleverer men than the squatters and miners of Australia have failed to grasp the important truth that "commodities are the real market for commodities," that the chief reliance of the Free Trade

either tyranny or anarchy. But the Continental constitutions rule many points of detail, which we look upon as matters for ordinary legislation; to revise the constitution need be no more a revolutionary business than many Acts which in England are passed every session. The constitution is, in fact, simply a collection of laws whose enactment or repeal requires a somewhat more elaborate process than the enactment or repeal of other laws. In Glarus the question of revision of the constitution seems certainly not to have been a matter of greater moment, nor to have awakened greater interest, than the settlement of the labour question. To a foreigner the constitutional question is decidedly the less interesting. Constitution-making is a business which may be often seen in many other places; but it is something altogether without a parallel for a great social question to be thus peaceably and moderately decided by the direct voices of those who are the most deeply concerned in the matter. It is of course only in a very small commonwealth that any question could be safely decided in this way; even in the larger Swiss Cantons the system of pure democracy would be as impossible as it would be in a country like our own. But the wonderful spirit of order and moderation with which such an exciting business was gone through shows how much the habit of exercising real political power tends to make men worthy to exercise it. We do not for a moment believe that a Swiss is in any way naturally superior to an Englishman; but it is certain that in England an assembly of thousands, such as the Glarus Landsgemeinde is described as being, would be quite incapable of discussing far less exciting matters with the same perfect good temper and forbearance. A speaker on an unpopular side always runs the chance, if not of personal violence, at least of much stronger language than a cry of "Divide" when the rain comes on. The difference obviously is that the one assembly comes together merely to shout, and so comes without any feeling of responsibility, while the other brings with it all the feelings which must be awakened by the knowledge that the welfare of their country directly depends upon them. Neither a mere electoral body, nor an assembly that comes together for mere talk, can ever become in the same way a school of politics for a whole people. This educating process is the peculiar advantage of small commonwealths, purchased doubtless by their no less obvious disadvantages. Which system is inherently the better, there is very little use in disputing; it seldom happens that a people has the choice of being great or small at pleasure. A wise and patriotic man will make it his business to do his best, under whatever system he finds himself, to remove abuses, to correct defects, without vainly attempting to imitate the institutions of States either greater or smaller than his own. There have been names in the history even of Glarus, whose fame, though less widespread, has been quite as honourable as that of the greatest benefactor of the greatest empire.

SPIRITUALISM IN EXTREMIS.

ONE day last week, the *Times* contained a semi-official narrative, as "From a Correspondent," of certain wonderful performances of two young men called the Brothers Davenport. Warned, probably, by the mischance which a year or two ago it suffered in hastily adopting the "spiritual manifestations" of a very vulgar performer, who was soon hunted out of the country—one Forster—the *Times* was, on this last occasion, sufficiently cautious. To be sure, "A Correspondent" has been openly asserted to be the "gentleman who is well known to be the accredited representative of the dramatic department of the *Times*." There is certainly nothing to prevent a regular reporter being "A Correspondent"; but it would have been just as candid for a newspaper occupying the position of the *Times* to undertake some direct responsibility in reporting such a matter. The *séance*, it seems, was a sort of public private one, and the newspaper reporters were invited. Other daily newspapers were represented as well as the *Times*, and the report was in all cases equally authentic, and was authoritatively adopted, except by the *Times*. The distinction is not very important, except as illustrating what amounts to a special form of morals. It is not the first time that we have seen the feather cautiously poised, waiting for the impulse of the popular breath, and then a claim put in for rousing the wind, when, in fact, opinion was all along followed rather than led. As to the narrative in the *Times*, it was fair enough, and said little enough. Two American lads were shut up in a sort of packing-case, after being tied hand and foot with strong cords; and whilst so enclosed two bodiless hands were seen waving about (this incident is not mentioned in the *Times*), musical instruments were played upon, or at least a hideous noise was made with them, and on the doors being opened, after a certain, or uncertain, interval, the lads were found corded up as before. This is the first part of the performance, and occurs in semi-darkness as far as the spectators are concerned, the brothers being shut up in the cupboard, from which all light is excluded. Act the second takes place in total darkness. The brothers—or rather one brother, and another member of the party, Mr. Fay—are, as before, tightly corded and tied to chairs; and the spectators, if the term can be used of people in a room in which there is not the faintest ray of light, form a circle with joined hands. All sorts of so-called musical noises are heard; guitars and violins, bells and trumpets, and most of the furniture of Nebuchadnezzar's band, fly about the room, and the *Times*' reporter got a bloody nose from one spiteful fiddle; rings and watches depart from their owners, and are found in un-

consciously surreptitious possessors' hands. Knees are patted and pinched, and cheeks slapped or stroked, according to circumstances, or perhaps sex; a candle is lighted by a Dr. Ferguson, who is one of the Davenport company, and the young gentleman and Mr. Fay are once more discovered manacled and glued, like the Lady in *Comus*, to their chairs. Act the third consists of a single but more imposing scene. One of the Davenports, it need scarcely be said in total darkness, still bound hand and foot, is denuded of his own coat and invested with that of an assenting gentleman—perhaps accidentally, and perhaps not—present. "These are," says the *Times*' Reporter, "the chief phenomena, which are, of course, referred by the operators to spiritual agency."

Next day, however, the Dromio Davenports disavow this imputation of claims to unearthly powers. "We do not assert that our experiments are attributable to spiritual agency. We cannot tell how they are produced. . . . We profess to exercise a power of the nature and extent of which we know nothing beyond the fact that we have it." That is, they are mere passive receptivities, ignorant of the nature, conscious only of the possession, of strange powers. To which it has been very properly replied, that if the Davenport young gentlemen deny the spiritual character of their manifestations, it is a pity that they address themselves to a familiar who is known by the name of "John"; and that they adopt the common spiritual technology of "electrical chains," "positive" and "negative" conditions, and so forth. But we can say a good deal more than this. The coming of the Brothers Davenport was announced in the *Spiritual Magazine*; and in that remarkable publication for September last was contained a long report on the American manifestations of these interesting brethren, drawn up by a Dr. Loomis of Georgetown, who professes himself to be a disbeliever in spiritualism, though a believer in the Davenport phenomena, and indisposed to connect them with spiritualism. But to this conclusion Mr. Newton, in the *Herald of Progress*, a New York spiritual publication, demurs; and enlarges upon "the necessity of referring the phenomena to the active participancy of invisible intelligences." He claims for the Davenport case, "beyond question, the interference of invisible beings," and the *Spiritual Magazine* goes on to speak of "the mediumship of the Davenport Brothers"; while in the October number of this truly comic miscellany, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, the monthly annalist of the progress of the spiritual cause, announces the Davenport manifestations as the last and crowning triumph of spiritualism. It is therefore beyond question that, whatever the Davenport Brothers may now think proper to assert about their spiritual claims, their friends and advocates, and the highest authorities in "spiritualism," claim them, and speak of them as they do of Mr. Home and the ordinary run of "mediums." But it is perhaps judicious in persons who have their bread to get to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. The Brothers Davenport, having their money to make, are all things to all men; cautious inquirers with the sceptical, but adepts with the initiated; candid as to fact, but hesitating as to theory, in the *Times*, though accomplished mediums in the congenial pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*. We will follow the *Times*' example, and present these enterprising artists with an advertisement by informing our readers, on the authority of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that "arrangements for private *séances* with the Davenport Brothers can be made on application to Mr. Palmer, 1 Tavistock Square"; that is to say, anybody who wishes

to terrify the ladies,
May hire at once the horned fiend for twenty maravedies,

like any other professor of parlour magic at a child's party engaged for the night.

As to the phenomena themselves, anything so grotesquely absurd and stupidly meaningless has not yet been produced even in the dreary annals of spiritualism. A well-known professional conjuror, who gives his name and address, Mr. Tolmaque, claims to be able to do the same things, and asserts that it is only a very common trick of charlatanism. Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, goes further, and says that the Brothers Davenport have been brought over "by a speculator, Mr. Palmer, formerly in his employment"; and the thing most remarkable about the whole entertainment seems to be that the *Times* should have treated it with so much gravity, if not credulity, as to advertise it in this unusual way. On the face of it what can be more commonplace? A large party of Yankees, the country of Barnum, arrives after the usual mysterious announcements, and gives a private view. The Brothers Davenport, a Mr. Fay, one Dr. Ferguson, and Mr. Palmer—that is, the three actors, the *entrepreneur* Palmer, and "the thoughtful, philosophical, and spiritual, tall, thin, and American-looking person, Dr. Ferguson," who holds the candle, not to the Devil in this case, but to the clever conjurors with whom he is associated—form a strolling company. These people bring their own apparatus with them—their cabinet, their fiddles, bells, and all their tackle. The binding of the performers is performed by somebody accidentally present; but it is curious to remark that the English narrator speaks of "the volunteer who presented himself for this office as nautical," and that in the American report we find that the pinioner is "professionally a sea-captain." Then, of course, every manifestation occurs in complete and total darkness. The performers are invisible, while the spectators are compelled to be motionless by the formation with linked hands of a magnetic circle. Eye must not see, nor hand touch, the secrets of the unseen world. If the circle is broken, Dr. Ferguson announced that the head of the person breaking the ring would

also be broken by a very solid brazen trumpet, reserved, as it seems, for special gyrations on any inquisitive offender's skull. The only possibility of throwing a light on the scene is prevented by Dr. Ferguson keeping possession of the one "candle and lucifer in the room, which he held constantly ready during the performance." All this seems to us rather to indicate a clumsy gang of wizards and an imperfect acquaintance with the conjuror's common tricks. Very likely, if it is worth while, anybody might find out the trick; but it is generally not worth a reasonable being's time to detect a conjuror's *modus operandi*. Yet this has been already done, and if we are to believe a minute and circumstantial article extracted into the London newspapers from the *Toronto Globe*, a Mr. Dobbs confronted this very man Fay at Cleveland in Canada, performed every one of his tricks in Fay's own presence, and completely exposed the whole thing as a vulgar piece of sleight-of-hand, or, in the very plain-spoken words of the *Cleveland Herald* of August 28, "as one of the boldest swindles and humbugs ever practised upon a confiding community." The performances of Houdin, and Frikell, and Anderson, and other masters of the art are infinitely more clever and inexplicable than those of the Davenport fraternity, and are done in broad daylight. But who wants to find out a conjuror? *Volumus decipi et decipimur*. You go to see tricks, not to learn sleight-of-hand. Professional conjurors assure us that "the rope-tying trick, bell-ringing and coat-changing experiments, are exhibited at this moment, in America, by Anderson's son, and by natural agency only," and they offer to do every one of the Davenport mysteries "by the science of conjuring, mixed up with no small portion of the conjuror's never-failing friend—humbug." And as to the grave and pretentious narrative of "A Correspondent," we must say that the private exhibition at the house of the well-known literary gentleman is only an ingenious, though not very ingenious, form of advertisement. Unconsciously perhaps, but with little judgment, the *Times* has played into the hands of some rather vulgar practitioners of legerdemain. Merely as an advertisement Anderson has beat it hollow in that wonderful placard from an inquirer living at No. 954 (which, of course, does not exist) in the Portland Road, suggesting that one of his daughter's tricks, played at this moment every night at St. James's Hall, is caused by a mysterious power which he has of expelling her soul from her body. Nor is there anything very recondite in the assumption, by modern conjurors, of scientific and quasi-metaphysical and spiritualistic jargon. Just as, some centuries ago, a parchment girdle, a pentagon, a magic crystal, and a cabalistical mitre were part of the conjuror's stock in trade, so he now invests in od, electro-biology, psychometry, mediums, and the luminous aura. It is hard to attempt to deprive any workman of his tools. Out of this horrid slang the modern necromancer fills his tool-chest. He calls it, as a whole, spiritualism; and he may as well have that word, which is perfectly meaningless, as any other. And, after all, the world is much the same as it always was. People believed in Cagliostro, who was a very clever fellow; and no doubt there are now plenty of people who will, when the exhibition is open to the public, run to the Davenport Brothers and gravely wag their heads, and hint that they fully believe in the connexion of these rampageous violins and erratic muffin-bells with the awful realities of the spirit world. Nothing that we care to say will disabuse them. Only let them consider this, that if anything can effectually lower all consoling conceptions of the great and mysterious world of spirits, and can completely debase, if not destroy, belief, if not in a future state, at least in the blessed condition of disembodied spirits delivered from the burden of the flesh—released, as we trust, from the weaknesses and miseries of this sinful world—it is to take up with spiritualism. For if we believe in spiritualism, we must believe that spirits—beings infinitely above us in intelligence, happiness, and the fruition of the Divine love and Divine knowledge—have nothing better to do, and no holier ministrations to discharge, than to dash cracked violins into people's faces, to pinch their legs in the dark, to float round a room scratching the ceiling with a bit of charcoal, to write execrably bad grammar and portentous nonsense, which they call spirit-messages, by fumbling over a child's toy alphabet, and, last and worst of all, by inspiring such a set of American adventurers as Davenport, Fay, and Co., and Mr. Palmer the speculator, formerly in the employment of the Wizard of the North.

THE LANDWARD DEFENCES OF PORTSMOUTH.

THE military authorities who planned the wonderful forts now being erected on Portsdown Hill were called upon to act, it must be owned, under difficulties for which it is only just to make considerable allowance. The problem which the War Office seems to have set before its advisers is to make earth and stone supply the place of men, and that is a problem which will be found arduous, and perhaps impossible, of solution. Mr. Cobden made a speech last year against these Portsdown works which contained some very reasonable criticism; but the just conclusion from that speech would be one which Mr. Cobden would not like to draw—namely, that neither the plan adopted at Portsdown nor any similar plan can give security against an enemy landed on the south coast of England, and that therefore the only thing to be done is to stick close to that enemy, and fight him as long as there are any men left in the country capable of bearing arms. Of course it is not denied that the works upon Portsdown Hill

might, under some circumstances, have some value; but the same might be said of twenty other sites which the Royal Engineers have not yet begun to crown with forts. We may be sure that, if an enemy lands in force upon our coast, he will do considerable harm, and whether that harm be done at Portsmouth or elsewhere matters perhaps less than is generally supposed. It would no doubt be a very galling thing to see a French force establish itself at Nelson's Monument, and, after adding "seen and approved" to the inscription, proceed to erect a battery, and throw shells from it at the *Victory*; but if we could free our minds from the influence of tradition, and look at things as they really are, we should see that the true remedy for the insecurity of Portsmouth lies, not in accumulating fortifications which it would be exceedingly difficult to defend, but in making a more prudent distribution of those establishments which are supposed to render the fortifications necessary. The principle upon which the Portsdown works proceed is that every spot within five miles of Portsmouth is to be so secured that it shall be impossible for an enemy to take possession of it, and mount half-a-dozen long-range guns to shell the dockyard. It is not pretended that these works are necessary for the defence of Portsmouth against capture, but they are designed to protect it from damage which might be serious, but which, as we venture to think, need not be irreparable. The truth is that this proposal for a chain of forts at five miles' distance has its origin in ideas which still prevail, although the circumstances out of which they grew are changed. Portsmouth has ceased to be a building-yard for ships of war, because such ships are now built for the most part of iron, and Portsmouth is only adapted for building ships of wood. Attempts will probably be made, by interested or prejudiced officials, to introduce iron-ship building at Portsmouth, but it will be the duty of the House of Commons to consider jealousy, and probably to reject, proposals having this object. If Portsmouth becomes principally a repairing yard for iron ships, "the vast mass of combustible materials" of which we hear in connexion with alarms about bombardment would admit of being very considerably reduced. The risk of conflagration might also be largely mitigated by the judicious arrangement of such stores as it would be necessary to keep on hand, and by the construction of bombproof storehouses. The docks and basins could not be destroyed by shells thrown from Portsdown Hill, and if some of the old wooden ships were burned, the country perhaps would gain rather than lose by getting rid of them. It would seem to be wise policy not to increase the magnitude of Portsmouth, but rather to create a duplicate of Portsmouth somewhere else. For such an object no money should be grudged, but it is impossible to view with patience the construction of a gigantic John Bull's folly upon Portsdown Hill. A local guide-book says that, when these and other fortifications are completed, "Portsmouth will be impregnable," which if the author of the guide-book can believe he is a happy man. The works have now been carried so far that there is no choice but to complete them. They are grand, and we might say sumptuous, specimens of brickwork, for in this country, if we do anything at all, we are sure to do it in the most costly style. It is useless crying after spilt milk, but one cannot help feeling that the money these forts cost would have gone a good way in building iron-clad vessels specially adapted for resisting a landing of troops upon our coast. The Commissioners have proceeded upon the view that England can no longer rely, as in former wars, upon her navy; and this, as regards distant operations, is quite true, but for coast defence the introduction of steam is rather in our favour. A landing of troops would only be attempted in fair weather, and we could have any number of fast steam-vessels, wholly or partially protected with iron, carrying one or two guns, and of light draught, which would make awful havoc among crowded transports while keeping near the protection of some of those batteries which are being so plentifully built along the coast. Naval officers placed in command of such vessels would very soon show the world that their occupation was by no means gone.

It may be worth while to endeavour to convey to the minds of those who have not visited the place some idea of the situation of Portsmouth, and of the possibility of preventing an enemy from looking at it at five miles' distance. The towns of Portsmouth and Portsea, which may be considered practically as a single town, stand on Portsea Island, which is washed by the water of Portsmouth Harbour on the west, by the sea on the south, and by the water of Langston Harbour on the east. A channel connecting, or rather which might be made capable of connecting, Portsmouth and Langston Harbours bounds Portsea Island to the north, and along this channel, on its south side, are the Hilesea lines, which are essential to the defence of Portsmouth. These lines are being reconstructed upon a grand scale, and nobody would grudge the money which is being spent upon them. The town of Gosport lies on the west side of the harbour opposite to Portsmouth, and the three towns of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport are all equally deserving of protection from bombardment, and are all equally considered in the scheme of which the works on Portsdown Hill form part. The ancient fortifications of the three towns are still kept up, but everybody agrees that they can only be defended by more extensive lines. As you enter the inlet of the sea which forms Portsmouth Harbour, you have Portsmouth and Portsea on your right, and Gosport on your left. In front of you this inlet opens into a broad expanse of mud and shallow water, forming, when the tide is high, a magnificent lake dotted with islands; and looking due north you see, beyond this lake,

the range of the Portdown Hills. Let us now return to Portsea Island, and, starting from Fort Cumberland, which is in the south-east corner of it, let us go the round of the landward defences of Portsmouth both existing and proposed. Fort Cumberland commands the entrance to Langston Harbour, and assuming that no enemy could pass that fort, and that there was no other way of approaching the eastern side of Portsea Island, it follows that it would be safe to leave that eastern side, as it now is, unfortified. But when we see an attempt made to fortify a line of seven miles along Portdown Hill, it is natural to ask why the line of three miles between Fort Cumberland and the eastern extremity of the Hilsea works should be left unfortified. The same provident care which is building six or seven forts on Portdown Hill ought to build at least two more, to secure what may be called the right flank of the position on the east side of Portsea Island. If the military authorities say that they cannot provide for every contingency, we answer that we quite agree with them, but it is to be wished that they had taken that view of things before they invested so very heavily in brick and mortar upon Portdown Hill. We should be quite content with the old theory that the water which washes the east side of Portsea Island is a sufficient protection for it; but if we are to suppose that an enemy has landed somewhere to the east of Portsmouth, we are at liberty to suppose that he has taken possession of Chichester, and has found there enough small vessels to enable him to cross Langston Harbour, and to land on Portsea Island with artillery and ammunition sufficient to shell Portsmouth. If he tried to land, he might find a place where the only existing defence is a notice that "this quay is private property, and no one may land on it without leave," and as he could see the masts of the dockyard, he would know where to direct his shells.

Passing from the eastern extremity of the Hilsea lines further along the shore of Langston Harbour, we come, in about a mile and a half, to the village of Farlington, and a little to the north of this village the ridge called Portdown Hill begins. Here the Defence Commissioners have chosen the site of their first fort. The ridge extends nearly west to the neighbourhood of Fareham, about seven miles, and it will have upon it four principal and two or three secondary forts. The Commissioners originally proposed nine forts, and the modification may, as we suppose, be ascribed to their becoming partially sensible of the enormity of their scheme. The town of Fareham stands upon a creek running up from Portsmouth Harbour, and it is between four and five miles to the north and west of Portsmouth. The most westerly of the Portdown forts is at a place called Wallington, about three-quarters of a mile north-east of Fareham. As there is nothing but dry land between Fareham and the Solent, which is distant about four miles to the south of that town, it would never do to terminate the new line of defence at Wallington; and, accordingly, another fort has been built at a place called Newgate, about three-quarters of a mile to the south-west of Fareham, and it is or was proposed to build two more forts—one on the shore of the Solent, at a place called Lee Farm, and another at a place called Roome, midway between Lee Farm and Newgate. It is to be observed that the theory of engineers is that, supposing these forts to remain as they now are, detached, and without connecting works, they will be able to maintain so hot a fire that no enemy will venture to pass between them. Applying this theory, however, to the forts at Wallington and Newgate, it would appear to an unlearned eye that the town of Fareham lies exactly between the two forts, and would be likely to get the largest share of the fire intended for the enemy. This may be all very well for Portsmouth, but Fareham will hardly like it. The point on the Solent called Lee Farm is about four miles from Gosport. From this point to Farlington, on Langston Harbour, the line of forts now proposed and partly constructed extends in something like a semi-circle, measuring probably about twelve miles. If we add the distance from Farlington to Fort Cumberland, which the Commissioners ought in consistency to have fortified, we shall have, for the whole length of the new line of defence of Portsmouth, at least sixteen miles. What would be the numbers of the army which could hold this line of defence properly, and what would be the use of the line if not so held, are questions upon which we shall have a word to say presently. When all the proposed works are finished, Gosport will have three lines of defence. There are the old and almost useless fortifications close to the town. The Commissioners have proposed three forts at Lee Farm, Roome, and Newgate, which form a line distant four or five miles. Midway between these two lines is another, which was the work of the authorities who managed these matters before the Commissioners took them in hand. This intermediate line consists of five new and strong forts which will be connected by a ditch and rampart. The fort on the extreme left, called Gomer, rests upon Stokes's Bay, and the fort on the extreme right, called Elson, rests upon a creek of Portsmouth Harbour. With these five forts to protect Gosport, with the new Hilsea lines to close the access to Portsmouth by land, with forts on one or two islands or promontories in the before-mentioned lake to the north of the harbour, and with unlimited batteries to seaward, we would venture to say that the defence of Portsmouth against a siege would be very tolerably provided for. At least it may be asserted that you would thus get a circuit which would not be likely to be penetrated. But it is impossible to assert this of the more extensive circuit which includes Portdown Hill. As Lord Palmerston himself has told us, no chain of defence is stronger than its weakest part.

It is too late now to protest against these works, but it may still be useful to warn the country not to expect too much from them. It is to be wished that it were possible to defend the Portdown forts against a foreign enemy as successfully as Lord Palmerston has defended them against critics in the House of Commons. If by spending money we could secure our dockyards against capture or bombardment, it would be well; but the only effectual defence will be to place ourselves across the invader's path in the best position we can find, and hold that position as our countrymen held Waterloo. Unless we are prepared to do this, we might as well buy off the enemy at once. The common-sense view of this question of occupying Portdown Hill was well stated by Sir John Burgoyne when he said that it is a consequence of the introduction of rifled guns that the extent of fortifications necessary to give security from bombardment must be so great that it would be almost impracticable ever to reach it. Portdown Hill, he says, is a beautiful position, but it must be defended by an army. He told the Defence Commissioners, however, that, if he had a garrison for Portsmouth of 20,000 men, he would occupy the hill; and it was assumed, in the course of discussion, that a garrison of that number might be provided. Ultimately Sir John Burgoyne surrendered to the Commissioners, but a reader of his evidence cannot help feeling that he occupied a very defensible position. If we may venture to doubt any opinion of Sir John Burgoyne's, we should say that 20,000 men would be a very poor provision for occupying this extensive line of defence round Portsmouth, which looks to the unprofessional eye as if it would require 50,000 at the least. If the whole garrison of Portsmouth were 20,000, Sir John Burgoyne would allot 12,000 of them to Portdown Hill. But suppose the forts completed, and part of the 12,000 men thrown into them, and the remainder ranged behind such connecting works as might be hastily thrown up. Bear in mind that the ridge is five miles long, and that the whole position, with its flanks, extends to seven miles. Suppose further, that, as seems to be contemplated by the Commissioners, the 12,000 men consist principally of Volunteers who have never before been under fire, and who, having more education and intelligence than the average soldiers of the line, can hardly help forming some judgment upon the circumstances in which they may be placed. Why, even a speech from Lord Palmerston would scarcely make those Volunteers feel comfortable when they saw a numerous and active enemy advancing upon their slender line. The probable result would be that the bulk of the troops would be hastily withdrawn to the interior defences, and the forts on Portdown Hill would be left, each with its own garrison, to impede as well as it could the enemy's preparations for bombardment, which it would be likely to do more or less effectually for a few days. Nobody doubts that the forts would be some obstacle to the enemy, but it is difficult to believe those engineers who assert that they would stop him altogether. We cannot help thinking that Sir John Burgoyne is much nearer the truth when he says—"The occupation of Portdown Hill might be denied to the enemy by these forts; but for the bombardment they only want a battery of three or four guns, and the work is done." If we trusted to works and garrisons only, and did not make sorties—which we could not make unless we had a very large force—then, says Sir John Burgoyne, the enemy might penetrate almost anywhere in spite of our works. "After all, it is the body of troops you can bring against them to stop them which will prevent the doing of it—nothing else." The conclusion of the whole matter is that "we must trust very much to our army in the field." One hesitates about saying absolutely that it is better not to attempt such a measure as fortifying Portdown Hill, but that measure is not to be compared with many other measures which might be adopted, considering its great expense and difficulties. The dockyards might be subdivided so as to reduce the amount of sacrifice, and they might perhaps be covered with bomb-proofs to a considerable degree. Many things may be done to alleviate the evil, but it is impossible to make any large place entirely secure against being reached by guns of five-mile range. These Commissioners were not called upon to consider the defence of London, and therefore they escaped having to reduce their own system to an absurdity. After all, if the enemy attacked Portsmouth, other places almost equally valuable would escape. Wherever he landed, he ought, before reaching Portdown Hill with artillery, to get pretty considerably pitched into in his flanks and rear.

The Commissioners propounded their system of defence by forts as adapted to the capacity of Volunteers, and therefore it is desirable that every Englishman should, if possible, form some opinion of the value of it. The same system which is being applied at Portsmouth was proposed, under even greater difficulties, at Plymouth and Chatham; but we cannot at this moment state what progress has been made with the landward defences of those two important dockyards. At Woolwich, which is perhaps still more important, the Commissioners were deterred from proposing a scheme for its defence by the enormous cost of the works which would be necessary. At Pembroke, they seem to have thought the expense would be greater than the importance of the dockyard would justify. At Portsmouth, even allowing that the forts to the northward would prove as efficacious as is hoped, it would still be necessary to deny the whole of the Isle of Wight to the enemy before complete security could be attained. But as regards these northern forts, which were estimated to cost 650,000*l.*, it will not be disputed, even by the officers who designed them, that an enemy who came to that side of Portsmouth at all would come with a

force adequate to besiege the forts. But if he could contrive to mount guns to batter one of the forts, he could turn those same guns against the dockyard, and his work would be done. This question will perhaps be better understood if we give a few more details as to the position of these forts. There will be four principal forts on Portsdown Hill. The most easterly, called Crookhorn, is hardly yet begun, but its site is plainly marked by those deep gashes in the chalk which Mr. Cobden so much admired. At a distance westward of about 2,400 yards, the next fort is being built where formerly stood Portsdown Mill. About 3,000 yards further to the west is the fort at the Fir Clump, and again at 2,000 yards' interval is the fort close to Nelson's Monument. These three forts are all far advanced towards completion. From the Fir Clump due south to the centre of the dockyard is about 7,000 yards, and the height of the ridge, which is about 450 feet, affords a capital view of the land and water which together constitute what is commonly understood by the word Portsmouth. It is intended to build either one or two minor forts to the east of Crookhorn; and the fort already mentioned at Wallington, to the west of Nelson's Monument, is in a forward state. Thus there will be altogether either six or seven forts upon the ridge. It seems that at least two minor forts, which were proposed by the Commissioners, have been thrown out of their scheme. The ridge, which is steep on the south side, slopes gently on the north, so as to facilitate an enemy's approaches. If that enemy set to work midway between the Mill and the Fir Clump he would be 1,500 yards from any fort. We presume he would break ground at night and run trenches up one slope of the hill until he reached the top, and there he would mount his guns. And what are we to do then? Why, of course, we must attack him and drive him off. So it seems to come back to this, that England will have to call on every man to do his duty, not with purse only, but in person.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all the freaks of the War Department has been played at Eastney, between Southsea Castle and Fort Cumberland. It was considered desirable to build a battery to command this part of the coast, and it was necessary to build, somewhere or other, barracks for the Marine Artillery. By the happy contrivance of building the barracks on the sea-shore and placing a battery on each flank of them, it is provided that an attacking enemy will have the satisfaction of knowing that no shot he fires can possibly be thrown away. The barrack front cannot be less than 350 yards long. It is two stories high, and plentifully supplied with glazed windows, so that the Marine Artillerymen may enjoy the luxury of a sea-view, and may listen to what the wild waves are saying as they lie in bed, or lounge at the windows and smoke their pipes. Somewhat in the rear are quarters for the married men, and there are other detached buildings replete, as the house-agents say, with every convenience, and comprising—as we think very likely—stables for the horse-marines. There is a bank and ditch in front of the barrack, and a high loop-holed wall encloses all the buildings and a large court-yard. The batteries on the flanks are complete forts, just freshly finished off in the neatest possible style, with everything about them spick-and-span new. The barrack is almost offensively smart outside, and, no doubt, is arranged suitably to modern ideas of what a soldier has a right to expect within. It is to be feared that the explosion of half-a-dozen shells would sadly spoil the beauty of this barrack. But perhaps the enemy would prefer not to knock it down, but rather to take possession of it, and try whether a few riflemen on the roof could not bother the gunners in the forts. After all, as has been said in comparing wooden ships with iron, you have to live every day, and may not have to fight once in your life, and therefore there is something to be said in favour of making the Marine Artillery comfortable in a barrack which has forts close adjoining it, so that they may be able to get practice in gunnery without having to walk a fatiguing distance, which might interfere with the accuracy of their aim. A little to the west of Eastney, extensive batteries are being added to Southsea Castle, while half a mile inland building speculators are busy with hotels and rows of houses, as if they believed that the invasion panic was all fudge, and that no gun would ever be fired in anger on the south coast of England. Looking at the combination of barrack and forts at Eastney, it would almost seem as if the War Department, as well as the building speculators, were persuaded that peace would be eternal.

The guns mounted at Eastney bear upon the sea, and the works erected there are only noticed in connexion with the land defences of Portsmouth because they show how little reason there is to hope that the money which Parliament grants liberally will be expended to the best account. It is difficult to trust the judgment of the War Department with respect to Portsdown Hill when we see what they have done, or suffered to be done, at Eastney. Mistakes would be of less importance if we did not do everything in such a grand and costly style. It may be presumptuous in civilians to say that the Portsdown forts, if necessary at all, might have been more cheaply executed, but they really look very much as if they had been built for building's sake. The only consolation is, that the expense might have been far greater. It seems that we are to be let off with six or seven forts, whereas the Commissioners proposed nine; and they might easily have proposed twelve, or have proposed to fortify the entire hill.

REVIEWS.

LA PLURALITÉ DES MONDES HABITÉS.*

THE controversy concerning the existence of life in other planetary bodies than our own earth—or, in other words, that of the plurality of inhabited worlds—has slumbered in this country since its temporary revival ten years ago. By the common consent, not only of those who were qualified by special study to pronounce an opinion upon a purely scientific subject, but also of most persons of ordinary practical understanding, the question was perceived to be wholly insoluble in fact, as well as sterile in all practical results. The utmost that could be made out on the affirmative side was that there were no physical conditions known to belong to other bodies differently situated in space from our own globe, actually incompatible with the existence of some form or other of life or organization. It could be proved that even upon our own planet forms of life exist under varieties of heat, light, and chemical or other physical conditions, as extreme as any that need be considered to exist in other members of the solar group, or on the surface of the sun itself. And though it could not be said that the range of life assignable to human kind, or to the other higher types of organization, was so wide in extent, it seemed arbitrary to deny to a principle so infinitely plastic as that of organic life the power of manifesting itself in types approaching to that of man—types, it may be, a little lower than the least developed variety of his race, or, it may be, transcending, for aught we know, the highest form in which humanity has displayed itself on earth. The sum of the argument from scientific data was little more than negative. It attained, at the most, to no more than a degree of probability resting upon analogy, and approving itself to this or that mind as the bias of fancy or prepossession inclined, rather than as strict reasoning and the observation of facts would logically tend.

The most mischievous result, however, of the controversy became apparent when—instead of being treated, as it should by rights have been, as a question of strictly scientific investigation—it was brought under the light of metaphysical, moral, and theological speculation. The argument from final causes was invoked by one class of disputants, that from religious dogma or tradition by another. But here too, as in the former case, it was found that either argument could be turned, in different hands, to support diametrically opposite conclusions. To those who went with the eminent reviver of the dispute, in his *Essay on the Plurality of Worlds*, a reference to the Divine design clearly evinced the uninhabited state of all other worlds save our own, because man is intended to be the exclusive recipient of the Creator's beneficence. To those who obeyed the scientific teaching of *More Worlds than One*, it as manifestly proved that the planets, and even the members of the most remote sidereal systems, must be teeming with rational and spiritual beings, in order to exalt the same Creator's perfections and to render a reason for their existence. A curious dilemma was the result. On the one hand, it was argued that those bodies must be inhabited, because they could only have been created for the sustenance of life; on the other, that they could not be inhabited, because they could only have been created as foils to enhance the dignity of the earth and of man. If one class were right, the universe must be inhabited, because a void universe would be useless and without an end; if the other, then a void universe is necessary for the exaltation of man, and of the divine dispensations towards him.

In this state of dead-lock the problem has since been allowed to rest amongst ourselves. It still, however, appears to have retained its charm for the less matter-of-fact and utilitarian class of minds among our neighbours. M. Camille Flammarion—a competent practical astronomer, as is shown by his previous writings upon celestial subjects, no less than by his official position as assistant at the Observatory and the Bureau of Longitudes—has avowed himself a passionate partisan on the side of the plurality of worlds, and may be said to have exhausted the arguments in its behalf. Not content with the physical or strictly scientific treatment of the subject, he pursues it into its bearings upon the entire realm of knowledge or belief. To his fervid imagination it swells, as he proceeds, in proportion and importance, till it becomes at length commensurate with philosophy itself, and appears as the basis for a new and all-embracing system of religion. In the original impression of his work he seems but to have shadowed out the faint conception of such a system. But the germ has since grown to gigantic proportions, and the work has been entirely re-written. The faith of the world seems to him to be dead and buried. The relations of man to the universe, to himself, to God, have been shaken and overthrown. History is dried up, philosophy has no voice, religion expires in enigmas. The past is exhausted, the present is chaotic, the future, save for one ray of light, remains dim, unmeaning, inexplicable. What remains but to open to man new and wider relations, to declare to him his true place in the universe, to connect him with other beings, other worlds than his own, and encourage him with the hope that closer communion with those beings and those spheres may form his blissful and immortal lot? Man has been taught too long to look upon himself as alone in the world of

* *La Pluralité des Mondes Habités.* Par Camille Flammarion. Paris: 1864.

consciousness, to consider his little speck of matter the sole centre of life, intelligence, and will. The ant has conceived his ant-hill to be the only scene of activity in the universe. And this isolation of himself has naturally given birth to an inordinate and ridiculous conceit. Man has plumed himself upon being supreme lord and master of creation, and has absurdly fancied the whole forces of matter and all the host of heaven to be made for his contemplation or his use. It is time for this silly pride to be humbled. And under the chastening hand of astronomical study, rightly directed, mankind will for the future take a humbler but a truer place in the order of animated being. Our humanity will assume a rank, though it be the lowest, among the manifold humanities of space. One law of belief will henceforth exist for all—the Religion of Science:—

La certitude philosophique de la Pluralité des Mondes n'existe pas encore, parce qu'on n'a pas établi cette vérité sur l'examen des faits astronomiques qui la démontrent; et l'on a vu, ces derniers temps encore, des écrivains en renom hausser impunément les épaules en entendant parler des terres du ciel, sans que l'on ait pu leur répondre par des faits, et les clouer au pied de leurs ineptes raisonnements.

Quoique cette question paraîsse aux uns d'une haute portée philosophique, mais entourée de mystères impénétrables, quoiqu'elle ne soit pour d'autres qu'une fantaisie de curiosité attenant à la recherche vaine du grand inconnu, nous l'avons toujours regardée comme l'une des questions fondamentales de la philosophie, et du jour où, pressé par la conviction profonde qui était en nous antérieurement à toute étude scientifique, nous avons voulu l'approfondir, la discuter, et essayer d'en faire une démonstration extérieure, nous avons vu que loin d'être inaccessible aux recherches de l'esprit humain, elle brillait devant lui dans une clarté limpide. Bientôt même il devint évident pour nous que cette doctrine était la consécration immédiate de la science astronomique; qu'elle était la philosophie de l'univers, que la vie et la vérité resplendissaient en elle, et que la grandeur de la création et la majesté de son Auteur n'éclataient nulle part avec autant de lumière que dans cette large interprétation de l'œuvre de la nature. Aussi, reconnaissant en elle un des éléments du progrès intellectuel de l'humanité, nous avons appliqué nos soins à son étude, et nous nous sommes proposés de l'établir sur des arguments solides, contre lesquels les défiances du doute ou les armes de la négation ne puissent prévaloir.

The first of the five books into which the treatise of M. Flammarion is divided consists of an elaborate history of the doctrine in question. In fulness and accuracy of learning he here leaves behind all that has been compiled upon the subject by English writers. In point of logical effect, however, it would be vain to attribute much strength to such a chain of authorities. It is curious as a chapter in the history of opinion. It forms a tribute to the industry of the compiler, but it proves nothing more. A catena quite as copious and authoritative might be as readily drawn out on the other side. And in questions of pure science great names go for nothing. A single fact of experiment or observation must be allowed to outweigh the accumulated opinions and traditions of centuries. It is a matter of historic interest, but nothing more, that the idea of the moon and planets being peopled was common to the earliest races of India and Egypt, that it entered into the Nirvana of the Aryan sage, into the Chaldean and the Orphic cosmogonies, into the celestial symbolism of our Druid and Celtic forefathers, and into the half-religious, half-philosophic mythology of Greece. It was caught from Egypt by Thales, it was handed on by the whole Ionic school through Anaximander and Anaximenes, till it reappeared in Origen and Descartes. It formed one of the charges of heresy that nearly proved fatal to Anaxagoras, as it subsequently added to the doom of the unhappy Giordano Bruno. Pythagoras and Democritus, Timæus of Locris and Archytas of Tarentum, Xenophanes and the Eleatic school, were in harmony upon this one point. Petronius of Himera wrote a book in which he maintained that the number of inhabited worlds was one hundred and eighty-three—an idea, says Plutarch, which, from a mysterious old sage, had spread for centuries as far as the Indian seas. This mystical number was made out by viewing the universe as a triangle, the sides of which were formed by sixty worlds, having each angle further marked by a single world. Whether, however, we trace the development of the idea through all the oscillations of opinion in the classical or mediæval ages, in Lucretius or anti-Lucretius, in Nicolas of Cusa or in Montaigne, in Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, or Fontenelle, it must be obvious that the value of their testimony cannot exceed that of the considerations on which it rests. In a scientific point of view it is no more to be quoted than it might be in favour of the existence of witchcraft or of ghosts. It is to the second or physical portion of M. Flammarion's work that we ought to look for the real grounds of his conviction. It is in this, however, that we feel more and more the vague and hypothetical nature of the problem. It is impossible to do more than enunciate with somewhat more fulness of detail those physical conditions which Herschel, Sir David Brewster, and others have laid down, as limiting the possibilities of life elsewhere. On the relations of sense and other bodily functions to heat and light, or those of muscular force, stature, and action to terrestrial and solar gravity, nothing new is here said, or apparently can be said. A complete and highly graphic popular description is indeed given of the solar system, and of its constituent orbs—of the distance, size, weight, and density of each, together with the calculated ratio of heat and light which each of the planetary bodies derives from the sun. And there is little need of the author's impassioned rhetoric to enhance the testimony borne by these elementary facts of science to the vastness, the harmony, or the majesty of creation. But they leave the real point of the inquiry exactly where it was. The method of final causes is next appealed to. Is it possible to conceive that the beauty, the splendour, the utility of this infinite system

were designed to be appreciated and enjoyed but by the scanty inhabitants of one miserable little corner of the whole? Franceour, by way of giving us an original idea of the earth's mass, calculates that to set in motion such a globe at the surface of our planet would require ten thousand million teams of ten thousand million horses each. To start the sun, declares M. Flammarion, not less than 3,550,000 milliards of such teams would suffice. And is the giant to exist for the service and accommodation of the mite?

It is when he passes from the physical or physiological to the moral and the theological point of view that the writer is able to soar to the height of his argument. His method seems to be mainly that of assuming the universal diffusion of life throughout creation, and of leaving to the gainsayer the task of establishing the right of the earth to a monopoly. Why should ours be the privileged world? So far from being the best in a moral sense, it is absolutely bad, and would be known for such but for the inveterate optimism of its rulers, especially its philosophers and priests. The fallacy with which M. Flammarion has no patience is, that whatever exists here is intrinsically good and right. In face of the actual state of the world every candid man must be a pessimist. The wolf is for ever preying upon the innocent sheep. Brutal force weighs down virtuous weakness. Dark passions dominate here, base intrigues bear rule there. As in the days of Brutus, good men may be counted on the fingers. Before the Supreme, indeed, all is optimism. Viewed as a whole, His works are all good, all holy, all beneficent. But where is this His rule carried out in fact? Not on the earth, we have seen. There must then be further and superior spheres of life and action; and the plurality of worlds is a necessary truth in a philosophical sense, and demanded by justice in a moral sense. Many writers have gone into the question of the probable stature, strength, and configuration of our fellow-beings in other spheres. Christian Wolff long ago fixed the height of the inhabitants of Jupiter at forty feet eight inches. The Fourierists have more recently imagined a kind of celestial hierarchy in which the successive groups rise one above another, in analogy with those of the lower universe, into what M. Renaud has termed *binivers*, *trinivers*, *quadrinivers*, &c. The planets themselves have souls, and die out, as ours will do, to give place to newer forms of planetary life. Swedenborg, everybody knows, grew so familiar with the inhabitants of the several planets in which he was in the habit of spending his leisure moments of spiritual ecstasy, that he has left us little to find out touching the moral and other characteristics of our brethren in those abodes. The feelings with which we, in turn, inspire those remote relations of ours—the lively warmth of Venus, the dignified calm of Jupiter, the sardonic coldness of Saturn—are not less matters of fact and veracity. Science, thus interpreted, points to a place for our souls among those radiant spheres. Transported among new conditions of existence, they may contract or put forth powers akin to those of the happier beings whose lot has been already cast there. And, as to what that lot may be, it makes the mouth water to listen to M. Flammarion lecturing us. In an atmosphere no longer composed of oxygen and azote, what ills of climate may not be spared those fortunate denizens? The whole pulmonary apparatus is doubtless modified, and with it the whole system of organic functions. Instead of the gross and clumsy plan of keeping up the bodily growth and warmth by food, liquid and solid—the degrading expedient of borrowing for that end the *débris* of other beings, and, worst of all, that of killing and devouring those endowed with life—there may be a system of "nourishing atmospheres," composed of elements nutritious in themselves, and capable of assimilation by organs of corresponding ethereal texture. In the general repeal of laws which belong to man's inferior state, that of "labour" may come in for the earliest abolition, and with it go all those vulgar cares, appetites, and ambitions to which so much of the misery and *ennui* of terrestrial life are due. Vice will never have arisen. The origin of evil will offer no point for philosophers to wrangle over, for evil itself will never have stepped in. Another "law" abrogated, or rather never set in force, will be that of "death." War and violence, excess and decay, being unknown in these happy regions, the idea of dying will be out of the question. Peace and right will reign undisturbed. The very faculties of the intellect will partake the purity and the elevation of the moral nature. The tedious and cumbrous processes of experiment and observation will be replaced by a direct and transcendental vision of truth. It seems as if the limits of logic itself will be struck off as fetters from the spirit. The old problems insoluble here will seem perfectly contemptible. The circle will have been squared there long ago, and philosophers' stones will be picked up by the roadside. The elixir of life indeed will be unknown, because, as we have seen, it will be superfluous. Art and science will enter upon new phases. Numeration will proceed by such novel and unprecedented processes that we tremble to pronounce what two and two may be expected to make in M. Flammarion's developed universe. A new M. Cousin, moreover, will be required to make the analysis of the altered metaphysics *du Beau, du Vrai et du Bien*.

But we are dazzled and lose breath as we attempt to follow M. Flammarion in his flight through space. It is magnificent, but it is not science. Chained to our native earth, which to his aspiring gaze, filled with the glories of other worlds, seems so imperfect and contemptible—*un monde informe, grossier, chétif, misérable et imparfait*—we are conscious of our inability to soar to those heights of ethereal speculation. We can but stand by in respectful silence while he discourses to us of things that

meet his inspired sight in the third heaven, and listen with wonder and awe to the rapture with which he proclaims, in such reasoning, his conviction of the certainty of his hypothesis, and invites us to look up with him, hat in hand, to the twinkling faces of the stars as to the abodes of a humanity akin to, while surpassing, our own—*Saluons! mes frères, saluons tous: ce sont les Humanités nos sœurs qui passent!*

SUPPLEMENTARY DESPATCHES OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.*

(Second Notice.)

EVERY reader of history will look with special interest through this volume for any fresh gleam of light that it may throw upon the execution of Marshal Ney. It was the belief, or the cry, of many persons in England at the time (and the impression has even yet not died out altogether), that the Duke of Wellington acted ungenerously, or at least with a cold hard-heartedness, in not interfering with the trial or the carrying out of the sentence. It has been maintained that, in the position which he then occupied as commander-in-chief in France for the allied Powers which had replaced the Bourbon dynasty on the throne, his influence, publicly exerted, would most probably have sufficed to save Ney's life. It was said that Ney was protected by the 12th article of the Capitulation of Paris, which the Prince d'Eckmühl, as commander-in-chief of the French army, had concluded with Wellington and Blücher, and in virtue of which Louis XVIII. had entered his capital peaceably. On this ground it was urged that the Duke was not only entitled but bound to interfere, and to insist upon the full performance of the stipulations of a convention of which the French King had enjoyed the benefit, and to which, in entering Paris, he had implicitly acceded. The Duke did not consider that the capitulation gave him a legal ground for interfering with the trial, and the Ministers of the Four Allied Powers coincided in his opinion. Ney was tried for high treason before the French Chamber of Peers, condemned, and shot without mercy; and it was even alleged that Wellington's silence made him in some degree a party to what was characterized by his detractors as a kind of judicial murder. A British officer on the staff of Wellington's army was "one of the most noisy persons in the clamour respecting this affair," of whom the Duke concisely remarks, in a despatch to Lord Bathurst:—

I should not have thought it expedient to employ an officer confidentially with a foreign corps, who accused me of allowing Marshal Ney to be murdered because I could not beat him in the field. My own opinion is that it is best that — should not be on the staff of this army.

In another despatch he somewhere considers the propriety of prosecuting the author of so flagrant a libel, which appears to have disturbed even his stoical equanimity. Whether he was right or wrong in his refusal to interfere on Ney's behalf, no sane person would now dream of suggesting that Wellington's judgment in the case was guided by any other than the most purely impersonal considerations of public duty.

There is no doubt that the execution of Ney was an utterly needless and impolitic act of vengeance on the part of the French Government. A wiser and more far-sighted clemency would have treated the conscious treason of "the bravest of the brave" as Victor Emmanuel treated the unconscious treason of Garibaldi after Aspromonte. The boast that he would bring back the monster Bonaparte in a cage, and the carrying over to Bonaparte, or going over with, the very army which Ney had led forth to arrest him, should have been alike forgotten, even though Ney's defection was only second in time and importance to that of Labédoyère. But the returned Royalists of 1815 were incapable of sounding the depth to which the mixed but glorious memories of the Empire had sunk into the heart of the French people. They were anxious to "place a wall of brass" (in the fine language of the French political science of the time) between the future and the past, and to commence a new era of history to which the period since 1793 should be a blank. They thought themselves the nation, and they wished to show themselves strong enough to punish severely those who had been most conspicuously instrumental in bringing upon France the campaign of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington had taken the wisest course for the interests of Louis XVIII. in securing for his government the services of Fouché, who, regicide and renegade though he might be, was the man of the time most capable of maintaining and consolidating the tranquillity of the kingdom. As soon as the Court party felt it possible, they, in Lord Castlereagh's words, "ran at Fouché," to whom, next after Providence and Waterloo, they owed their return to power. If Wellington had been able publicly to demand a reprieve for Ney, the French Court would either have made a parade to the nation of its self-sufficient power to reject the policy of a clemency which foreigners wished to impose, or it would have shown its weakness by casting all the responsibility of such a policy at the door of the foreign dictator, who would not allow the native Government to govern strongly. A Napier in Wellington's place might probably have followed the instincts of his strong sympathy for the dauntless bravery of the soldier whose life was in question, and accepted all the ulterior responsibilities of pressing his advice, for the sake of the immediate object. Wellington was by nature less forbearing towards a man who could yield to a dazzling impulse so far as to commit

an unquestionable treason, and was more singly bent upon the furtherance of the task which lay before him—the consolidation of a conservative and self-governing France with the least possible delay. He would not go out of his way to relieve others of the burden of a decision which properly belonged to them, and not to himself; nor would he make any open move that might tend to convict the French Government in the eyes of its subjects of weakness or incapacity. If Louis XVIII. or his Ministers cared to know the Duke's private opinion on the subject, they had every opportunity, if, as is recorded by both Alison and Greig, he expressed his disapprobation freely in the salons of Paris. A letter to Lord Granville, on the occasion of Sir Robert Wilson's trial in the following year, proves that the Duke remained strongly impressed with the fact that the French King was quite morally competent to notice and punish Ney's treason; but this is not incompatible with the truth of the allegations of Greig and Alison as to his expressed disapprobation of the trial. It is clear that the Convention of Paris, concluded by the allied commanders as a military measure, did not in any wise legally bind any Government subsequently established to take no measures against those who were protected by its provisions as against the parties to the Convention; though it was equally ungenerous and foolish to pursue to the death those who might easily have escaped into exile if they had not relied upon its protection. The present volume of Despatches discloses an additional reason why the Duke of Wellington could make no public move on Ney's behalf, in the strong sentiment of the English Government that a display of power and severity was needed to provide against another revolution in France. In the middle of July, 1815, Lord Liverpool writes to Lord Castlereagh as the well-considered opinion of the Cabinet:—

A severe example made of the conspirators who brought back Bonaparte could alone have any effect in counteracting these dangers; but this is not now to be expected, and perhaps would have been very difficult, considering the share in the government which the King has been obliged to assign to some of the members of the Jacobin party.

Again, in August, Lord Liverpool writes thus to Canning at Lisbon:—

It [the appointment of Fouché] has certainly, for the time, paralysed the Jacobin party; and as all idea of gaining the army, or any part of it, was entirely hopeless, this was an object of no small importance; at the same time, one never can feel that the King is secure upon his throne till he has dared to spill traitors' blood. It is not that many examples would be necessary; but the *daring* to make a few will alone manifest any strength in the Government. It is a curious circumstance that, after the sanguinary scenes which we recollect at the beginning of the French revolution, all parties appear now to have an insuperable repugnance to executions. This arises not from mercy, but from fear. Every government that has been recently established in France has felt its own situation so weak and uncertain, that the persons composing it have not ventured to make examples of their enemies for fear of retaliation.

These extracts do not increase one's admiration for Lord Liverpool; but they tend materially to prove how little power Wellington could ever have had of making a public application for mercy, in defiance of the strong opinions of his own Government. A private letter of the 24th of November from Lord Liverpool to Lord Holland, touching the presentation of Madame Ney's petition to the Prince Regent, shows that the Prime Minister was at that time inflexibly content that the principles dogmatically enunciated in the above Despatches should be carried out on the person of Marshal Ney. The discipline of Wellington's mind obliged him to mind his own business, and leave poor Ney to pay the stake of the losing game which he had played not wisely or well.

The critique of the "Declaration of the Principles of the majority of the French Chamber of Deputies, 1815-16," contained in a letter to Baron Vitrolles, is an excellent type of the straightforward common-sense which characterizes the Duke's writings. Every line of it breathes a thoroughly English and statesmanlike dislike to the fashion of piling up a large heap of vague general principles upon which to found political action, and tying down a Parliament to the strict logical consequences of a needless declaration of contradictory "great truths" wrapped up in metaphorical language. What is meant, he asks, by "placing a wall of brass between the past and the future"? After twenty-five years of misfortune, the King has returned to govern his country. That country is France; and it is not possible for the Government to place a wall of brass between the past and the future of France. The thing cannot be done, either in foreign or home politics, any more than in the relations of individuals. What, again, is meant by respecting "interests created by the revolution," "qui sont finis," but rejecting for the future the principles which have created them? The words either mean nothing, or are in contradiction to the Charter and the Royal promises. And so on, through the whole instrument, the businesslike statesman ruthlessly tears to pieces the pseudo-philosophic generalities of the confession of faith of the French Royalist Chamber.

The object of Wellington's work or writing is always a practical result. His reviews of the findings of courts-martial, his observations on the faults of the British cavalry, his strong pressure on the war authorities at home for the formation and maintenance in time of peace of a military waggon-train, which, if extemporized in time of war, was sure to be a failure and a disgrace to the service, always show a thorough appreciation of the details required to attain a clearly understood end. About his own campaigns he is anxious that no false accounts should pass current as

* Supplementary Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Vol. XI.

history, but singularly careless that every detail of the truth should be known. He is quite content that the results should speak for themselves. The extension of this feeling to the deeds of his army, as well as his own, has tended to give him the reputation of indifference to the procuring for his soldiers the decorations they had so well earned. A letter to Lord Niddry, published in this volume, shows very clearly the working of Wellington's mind on the topic of military decorations in general, and the grounds upon which he was likely to seem to err on the side of niggardliness rather than extravagance in rewarding bravery with outward tokens of distinction:—

My dear Lord,—I have received your letter of the 2nd regarding the desire of the 92nd Regiment to wear the word "Arriveret" in their colours, &c. to which I have no objection; and I will apply for this distinction, if, after this explanation, they should still desire it.

Arriveret is a village on the Gave de Mauléon, at which there is a wooden bridge. We had passed the river at other points; but our communication across it was difficult, and the enemy was in such force at Sauveterre, in the neighbourhood, that we could not venture to move along it; and I wished to get possession of the bridge before the enemy could destroy it. The 92nd forded the river, and attacked and took the village against very superior numbers of the enemy in the most gallant style, in the manner in which they have always performed every service on which they have been employed; but without much loss. There the affair ended. We were not prepared at that time to do more; and we held the village as a *tête de pont* till our means were in readiness for our farther operations.

There is no doubt that the troops behaved as gallantly in this affair as they could in any of greater importance; but the result was not of that consequence to the ulterior operations of the army to have rendered it notorious to the army at large; and although I reported it as I ought, I know that there are many belonging to the army, some even who were present, who have no recollection of the name of the place which was the scene of the action, and some not even of the action itself.

It appears to me to be beneath the reputation of the 92nd to have to explain for what cause the name of a particular place has been inscribed on their colours; and, notwithstanding that on no occasion could they or any other troops behave better than they did upon that, I acknowledge that I am anxious they should not press this request. But if, after this explanation, they continue to wish it, I will take care that it shall be granted. I hope your health is quite re-established. Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.

If the 92nd Regiment was wise, it acquiesced gracefully in the measure of distinction given to Arriveret by the Duke's letter. Some of the regimental records of our service are most interesting reading; but it may be conjectured that a good many young officers, now serving in regiments which represent the old Holland brigade, would be rather puzzled to explain for what cause the name of Rimenaut or of any other particular place has been inscribed in their colours.

There are many valuable papers in this volume besides the Duke's own Despatches. It is curious to learn from Lord Castlereagh how much extra satisfaction it afforded to the singular mind of the Emperor Alexander to have signed the treaty of the Holy Alliance in, "as he believed, the most irreligious capital in Europe." The note by Sir Pulteney Malcolm of his interview with Bonaparte at St. Helena is an interesting document; and so is a letter from Fouché to Napoleon, written in April 1814, dissuading him from accepting the sovereignty of the isle of Elba, and urging him to a course "plus glorieux et plus consolant pour vous"—to live as a simple citizen in the United States of America:—

La vous recommencerez votre existence au milieu de ces peuples assez neufs encore. Ils sauront admirer votre génie sans le craindre. Vous y serez sous la protection de ces lois égales et inviolables pour tout ce qui respire dans la patrie de Franklin, de Washington, et de Jefferson. Vous prouverez à ces peuples que si vous aviez reçu la naissance au milieu d'eux, vous auriez senti, pensé, et voté comme eux: que vous auriez préféré leurs vertus et leurs libertés à toutes les dominations de la terre.

The Duke of Otranto must have gauged his old master's mood after the despondency of Fontainebleau incorrectly, if he really hoped to persuade him to such a course; but the advice shows a great deal of the strong worldly sense and political forethought which made Wellington value the services of Fouché for the accomplishment of the restoration of France and Europe to a sound tranquillity.

In reading this volume, it is easy to find many reasons why the Duke of Wellington's disinclination to offend individual feelings or interests that were still alive in 1838 should have then postponed its appearance as the natural sequel of the despatches edited by Colonel Gurwood. Since then, personages, dynasties, and relations of States have gone to the ground, and the whole subject-matter of the book belongs to the area of past history. The time has come when no private feelings can any longer interfere with the publication of the whole truth, and the present Duke of Wellington has acted judiciously in giving this collection of his father's papers to the world. In illustrating as fully as possible that father's character, he may well have the proud satisfaction of feeling, that

Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

A MISSION TO DAHOMY.*

CAPTAIN BURTON'S peculiarities as a narrator are now tolerably well known, and everybody who takes up his book is sufficiently aware beforehand how many literary eccentricities will be found to offend or amuse him. These peculiarities are

certainly not less conspicuous than usual in the present work. A haughty and undisguised contempt for other travellers, an equally undisguised confidence in himself, and a detestation of most things which the rest of the world generally approves—all this gives a tone to Captain Burton's writing which is at least striking and uncommon. He wastes no time in paying compliments, he leaves nothing out because it may rather hurt common notions of decorum, and he laudably refuses to conciliate the British public by any eulogy on the operations of "missioners." The plainness of speech with which he talks of various matters which are for the most part passed over by travellers either in discreet silence or else treated with mincing periphrases, is sometimes a little startling; but in this and in some of his other oddities, Captain Burton is, in a way, manly and straightforward. The only virtue of a writer of travels is to tell the truth accurately and fully, and the author's very offences against good taste are such as to inspire the fullest confidence in the trustworthiness of his statements. He evidently tells what he thinks to be the truth, if he does not exactly shame the devil; and it is so much the fashion among travellers to doctor their books, as the wine-merchant doctors sherry, with an eye to the English market, that we may readily overlook occasional coarseness and very frequent unamiability and intolerance.

The interest which has always been taken in everything connected with Dahomey has, according to Captain Burton, been much greater than Dahomey really deserves. Principally, no doubt, this interest was excited by the rumours which reached Europe from time to time of appalling massacres and ghastly sacrifices. People could not but feel the keenest curiosity about a country whose monarch was reported to divert himself by paddling a canoe in the blood of two thousand of his subjects, or stamping frantically about among their putrescent carcases. The horrible mysteries of slave-hunting, the strange stories of female warriors, the abominations of their warfare, and the alleged vastness of the Dahoman empire, combined to make Dahomey more familiarly talked about than any other part at least of Western Africa. The two volumes published in 1851 by Commander Forbes, containing an account of his mission to the Dahoman Court two years previously, were rather calculated to heighten this interest than to diminish it, though correcting some of the delusive notions formerly entertained about the terrific amount of annual bloodshed. Some neatly-coloured though poor illustrations, an easily-flowing style, a few proper ejaculations, and a general literary trimness, made his book sufficiently pleasant reading, but also served to give one the idea that things in Dahomey were as compact and well-ordered as the book, and as bright and gay as its chromo-lithographs. It was reserved for Captain Burton's blunt style, and careful and minute observation, to put clearly before us the pitiful meanness, the puerility, and the squalid misery of the Dahoman savages. In the poet's raptures about the freedom of the eagle's eyrie we forget that it is, as a matter of fact, a foul depository of bleached bones or mangled carcases; and in the same way, Commander Forbes' good language, and frequent use of such general terms as ferocity, atrocities, deplorable barbarism, conveyed a very faint notion of the stench, filth, shabbiness, din, and loathsome discomfort which are revealed by the more recent traveller. The force with which all this is brought out in Captain Burton's book is cheaply purchased at the cost of some slight iteration, which, though now and then rather wearisome, is perhaps the only way of enabling us to realize the naked truth. Though in one respect Captain Burton, by showing that the popular estimate of the number of human beings annually put to death is an enormous exaggeration of the truth, has effected a sort of rehabilitation of Dahomey, in another he has diminished its European repute by pointing out its present unimportance and approaching decay. The older travellers represented the Kingdom of Dahomey as of enormous extent; and Commander Forbes, though admitting the difficulty or impossibility of arriving at any accurate measure, asserts that the actual extent may "with safety be taken at about 180 miles from east to west, and nearly 200 from the sea-coast at Whydah to its most northward boundary," thus giving a total area of 36,000 square miles. This may perhaps have been a reasonable approximation to the truth thirteen years ago, but at the present time, as Captain Burton very positively asserts, we must reduce the area to 4,000 square miles, or to just one-ninth of Commander Forbes' estimate. In population, in the same way, the author is convinced that similar exaggeration has been perpetrated. A French traveller fixed the number of the subjects of the Dahoman King at 900,000, Commander Forbes at 200,000. Commodore Wilmot, whose visit to the father of the present King in 1862-3 was the occasion of Captain Burton's mission, puts it at the slightly lower figure of 180,000; while Captain Burton would even say 150,000, confessing, however, that all the numbers are mere guess-work. It is perhaps pretty safe to assume that the truth lies somewhere between 180,000 and 100,000. Considering that the country could support three times as large a population, and that there is little or no commerce in produce, the cultivation is obviously of the scantiest description. The disproportion between the extent of territory and the number of the inhabitants is easily explained. The female troops are variously calculated at 10,000, 5,000, and by Captain Burton at 2,500, and they contribute no increase to the King's subjects. In a country where the doctrine of the superiority of the female had made less progress, these women would represent 7,500 children. In the second place, Dahomey is surrounded by hostile tribes, and constant warfare both employs and annihilates large numbers of men

* A Mission to Cetele, King of Dahome. By Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

who would otherwise be forced to do at least a certain amount of work. So long as these two checks—one preventive, and the other positive—are actively at work, the disproportion between the surface of the country and the number of dwellers on it will go on widening, until at length the whole Dahoman power will dwindle away. Since Captain Burton's visit, it has received a severe blow by the rout of Gelele and his followers in their long-threatened attack upon Abeokuta—a blow from which it will take them many years to recover, "and before that time," says the author, "I hope to see Dahome level with the ground."

But though we may no longer regard the King of Dahomey as a terrible potentate, ruling over boundless regions and a comparatively enormous people with undisputed sway, there remain, even in a petty and decaying territory, abundant points of extreme interest to the civilized European. The practice of employing female troops, or "fighteresses," as Captain Burton absurdly calls them, is one of the most remarkable of Dahoman peculiarities. A closer inspection of them than has been permitted by more sentimental writers expels with rude promptitude any idea which the reader may have had of Amazons as a troop of brave, resolute, and comely virgins. Their chastity is far from unimpeachable, and in appearance they are a pack of "old, ugly, and square-built frows," who "trudge grumpily along with the face of a cook after much nagging." If the hideous creature in Captain Burton's frontispiece is an impartial representation of the average of Amazon comeliness, his written account is no calumny; but it may be added, that in Commander Forbes' book there is a picture of an Amazon who would be distinctly attractive but for a dripping head which she carries in her left hand. They affect a Zouave swagger, but in spite of this they cannot disguise the mildness of countenance with which nature stamps their sex. Although bulky in appearance, their size is due more to fat than muscle, and, in the author's opinion, they are "too light to stand a charge of the poorest troops in Europe." The whole force is divided into five arms—blunderbuss-women, grenadiers, razor-women, infantry, elephant-huntresses, and archers, the infantry composing the *corps d'élite* of the army. The elephant-huntresses have a great reputation for skill and daring, and, notwithstanding rude and worn-out muskets and bad ammunition, twenty of them can bring down seven animals out of a herd at a single volley. The razor-women, we presume, cut off the heads of those who have fallen before the bullets and poisoned arrows. The archers, formerly the most distinguished portion of the force, have become more lightly esteemed as the inferiority of their weapon, even with the most deadly poison on the arrow-tips, to the clumsiest blunderbuss, has grown more apparent. The bravery of the Amazons seems to be on a level with that of their brethren in arms, but in both cases, as might be expected among barbarians of this peculiarly degraded type, their courage only sustains them for one furious onset, and if this is not successful they soon beat a retreat. The Dahoman warrior possesses none of the stubborn perseverance in combat which is often found in tribes indiscriminately classed as savage, and to this, among other causes, the final overthrow of the nation will doubtless be largely due. Commodore Wilmot saw a troop of Amazons fire at a mark, and declares they fired exceedingly well, considering the flint musket and the iron ball, which fits loosely to the barrel. He adds, very absurdly, that "they would prove formidable enemies with good weapons, and if they possessed discipline and real courage"—which is as true and as valuable as if he had told us they would be men if they were not women. The people of Abeokuta are exasperated beyond all bounds by the use of female troops, which they very naturally regard as the grossest military insult. Captain Burton's contemptuous estimate of the Dahoman forces, both male and female, has received remarkable confirmation in the utter repulse which they met at the hands of their inveterate enemies only six weeks after his visit to Agbome, the capital of Dahomey. The respect paid to the female slaves of the Amazons is not less exasperating to their countrymen than the Amazons are to the people of Abeokuta. Whenever they sally forth they ring a little bell, like a sheep-bell, at the sound of which every male must get out of the way as fast as possible, and hold his face averted until the women have passed on. As slaves are passing to and fro all day long, and their pace is of the slowest, the tinkle of their bell, and the consequent flight of every native male, however occupied, become a profound nuisance to the traveller. The women rather enjoy the scampering which their presence creates, and the older and uglier they are the more noise they make, "which," as Captain Burton says, "is natural." Dancing is quite as much a part of Amazon business as fighting, and it must be fully as hard work. One of the most common of these dances consists in an imitation of the process of cutting off an enemy's head, but this is mere repose when compared with some of their performances. In what Captain Burton calls the regular Dahoman dance, every part of the body is in the most violent motion. The arms, bent at the elbow, are moved swiftly backwards and forwards, and almost meet behind the back; the hands paddle like a fish's fins, the feet shuffle after the approved negro fashion, and the whole trunk is incessantly jerked in every possible direction. Everybody acquainted with Hindoo dances will agree with the author, that "as all these several actions, varied by wonderful shakings, joltings, grimaces, and contortions, must be executed rapidly, simultaneously, and in perfect measure to the music," it must be a more difficult performance than the feats of the Nautch girl of India or the Alimeh of Egypt. King Gelele himself is a dancer of great fame, and one of the most popular

parts of the "So-Sin Custom," or annual festival at Agbome, is his energetic dancing and singing.

These Customs, the rumours of which have so long filled all Europe with horror, are of two kinds. The "Grand Customs" take place only after the death of a king, and are marked by superior grandeur and more profuse bloodshed. Gelele performed the rites in honour of his father in 1860, and it was of these that what appears to have been a highly exaggerated account reached this country. The "Yearly Customs" are also of two kinds, being performed in alternate years, but, according to Captain Burton, the ceremonies of the So-Sin year and those of the Atto year are substantially the same. The author was present at the So-Sin Customs, and he has recorded all he saw with a minuteness which would be tedious were it not that hitherto there has been no plain and detailed account of what really occurs on these occasions. Customs of one sort or another are spread over the whole year, except when the King is on his annual slave-hunting expedition, which employs him for from six weeks to two months. They are a mixture of "carnival, general muster, and *lits de justice*." The troops are paraded, there is a vast amount of drinking, firing, gambling, and dancing, cowries are distributed among the populace, and the victims are put to death. The name So-sin literally means "Horse-tie," and is given to the "Customs" because all the horses are taken from their owners, tied up, and not released until they have been redeemed with a bag of cowries, this being the Dahoman mode of collecting taxes. The ceremonies extend over five days, and their combined childishness and monotony must be absolutely unendurable to a European onlooker. One element, however, gives a grim interest to all the rest. The victims whose death is one of the great features of the festival look on with placidity, or even downright enjoyment. Captain Burton saw forty of these wretches, dressed in the attire of state criminals, "seated on cage stools, and bound to posts, which passed between their legs, the ankles, the shins under the knees, and the wrists, being lashed outside with connected ties." They remarked the presence of white men, chattered together, and kept time to the music. Visitors were formerly compelled to witness the executions. Commander Forbes actually saw victims hurled down from the platform about twelve feet above the ground, decapitated by the headsman, and mutilated by the clubs of the mob. Commodore Wilmot, if he did not witness the bloodshed, which from his report is uncertain, at least saw the victims carried away, and they were executed within earshot. Captain Burton, who is probably a man of more resolution than either of his predecessors, in obedience to the instructions of the Foreign Office by which he was commissioned, represented to the King very positively that, if there was any attempt to perpetrate the executions in his neighbourhood, he would at once return to Whydah. In consequence of this, no blood was shed during the day-time, but in the Evil Night the report of a musket and the bang of the death-drum informed the visitor from time to time that a life was taken. The following day Captain Burton intended to stay away from the palace, but a royal messenger, sent expressly by the King, came to inform him that nobody had been put to death during the previous night who was not either a criminal or a captive. The spectacle on approaching the palace was "not pleasant." Four corpses were sitting in pairs on stools on the top of the two-story scaffold. Near were two more victims, one above the other; then a gallows, thirty feet high, with a wretch hanging down by his heels; and, close to the path, "a *patibulum* for two dangling side by side." Further on lay a dozen heads in batches of six each, and so on until a total of twenty-three had been reached. As there are two Evil Nights, and as the Amazons within the palace kill as many as the men without, the number of the slain may be estimated at seventy-eight or eighty. But this is only a small part of the annual bloodshed. "I can hardly rate the slaughter," Captain Burton says, "at less than 500 in average years of the Annual Customs, and at less than 1,000 during the year of the Grand Customs."

The object of these sacrifices has hitherto been scarcely at all understood. They are offered up solely on religious grounds, and sprang originally from filial piety. One of the most prominent articles of Dahoman faith is a belief in Dead-land. In what precise condition the ghosts of the departed are supposed to exist is uncertain, but they are always regarded as continuations of their earthly selves, with the same habits and sentiments. Dead-land is not a scene of reward and punishment, these being conceptions which the Dahoman mind is wholly incompetent either to originate or to grasp when expounded. The future life has probably been invented to extinguish or mitigate the horror of animal death, and those who partake of it retain all their previous interest in what is going on among their descendants. The meaning, then, of the Grand Customs, when the rites of a deceased monarch are celebrated by his successor, is simply that a king should not be permitted to enter the lower world without a kingly retinue. "He must enter Dead-land with royal state, accompanied by a ghostly court of leopard wives, head wives, birthday wives, Afa wives, eunuchs, singers and drummers, bards and soldiers." Here, as has been said, the victims "may amount to a maximum of 500." But, besides this awful slaughter, whatever the King does must be reported faithfully to the curious ancestor. If a white man visits the King, or if he changes his residence, the news is instantly conveyed to the paternal ghost down in Dead-land by a messenger slain for the express purpose, and this brings the number put to death in average years up to the level of those slain on the extraordinary occasion of the King's

decease. The late monarch, Gezo, reduced the bloodshed, but Gelele is committed to "the reactionary party," on whose support he depends. The priests or fetishers are all powerful in Dahomey, and they are resolute opponents of any attempt to interfere with national religious customs. Captain Burton accounts for the stories of 2,000 being killed in one day, and the canoe being paddled about in tanks of gore, by attributing them to the invention of the slave-traders, who very naturally wished to frighten Englishmen from remonstrating with the King. The latter part of the fiction no doubt is an exaggeration of the fact that the blood is collected in pits, but, as they are only two feet deep and four feet square, there is not much chance of floating canoes in them.

A very curious Dahoman institution is the double character of the King. He is King of the city and King of the bush—Gelele and Addo-kpon. The late monarch was both Gezo and Ga-kpwe. It is not quite clear from Captain Burton's account what is the secret of this duplicate sovereignty; he presumes that "it was invented to enable the King to trade." The King celebrates his So-Sin Customs in the second capacity as well as in the first, and "criminals and victims are set apart" at them. It is to be regretted that Captain Burton did not go more fully and clearly into the origin of this remarkable duality of the royal person, which is, ethnologically, perhaps the most interesting feature of his book.

The author is not at all sanguine about the success of modern missionary enterprise in Dahomey. Admitting that the missionaries have scarcely as yet had a fair trial, he maintains that "all who know how deeply-rooted is fetishism in the negro brain will despair of the nineteenth succeeding better than the sixteenth century." For one of the most formidable evils against which they will have to contend the missionaries have to thank themselves. The spectacle of Catholics and Protestants working one against the other is not likely to assist the conversion of the Dahoman "man and brother." But the "missioner" is one of the many subjects on which Captain Burton's views are distorted by powerful prejudices, which are expressed with a violence that drives even those who may be disposed to think that there is some foundation for them over to the other side. Throughout his book he is very fond of sneering at the civilized world. We need not talk about the Dahomans slaying seventy-eight or eighty victims, because "Dr. Lankester calculates six deaths per mensem as the loss caused by crinoline in London." And "we can hardly find fault with putting criminals to death when, in the year of grace 1864, we hung four murderers upon the same gibbet before 100,000 gaping souls at Liverpool." &c. Captain Burton is so bold, enterprising, and judicious an explorer, and so entertaining a narrator, that we cannot reasonably complain if he is but a sorry philosopher.

THE LIFE OF A RUSSIAN STATESMAN.*

THE book before us might, perhaps, have been called with equal justice the Public Life of Count Sievers, or Passages of a Working Life in Russia during Half a Century. For the especial charm of a biography is not to be found in it, and could hardly be expected. Character cannot well be developed amidst incessant routine employments, nor is there much opportunity for relating incidents of purely biographical value among accounts of the water communications of Russia, or of the bribery that had to be practised at the second partition of Poland. It is marvel enough that Count Sievers retained any character at all in the service of Catharine, that he became neither a knave nor a hypocrite, that he was not spoiled for simple tastes and appreciation of honesty, that his administrative labours did not convert his soul into red-tape, and that his ambassadorial career did not enable him to be tied up with the same red-tape and docketed as the genuine Russian diplomatist. It is much to be able to say this. We have not far to look for examples to the contrary, especially among the favourites of Catharine, and the favourites of Catharine's favourites. But the most consummate scoundrel may furnish a better biography than the moral and irreproachable. The man who never consents by ill advice to walk may leave posterity a record of no very exciting promenades, and though of course it is right not to sit where men profanely talk, the self-denial entails a heavy sacrifice of humour and anecdote. Some people of course manage, in this, as in so many other ways, to make the best of both worlds, and sit in the seat of the scornful under protest, or disarm profane talk by drawing a moral from it. There are several passages in Sievers' life which would seem to rank him among such men. But the worst that can be said of him is that he followed Bishop Blougram's reasoning, and remembered that he was living in a world "which, by your leave, is Rome or London, not Fool's Paradise"; that he was not a man, but a cabin passenger; and if his voyage had to be made in a rotten ship, with officers who cheated and were bribed, and a female commander whom Gibbon called the Semiramis of the North, we must regret his circumstances more than the use he made of them.

Little is to be told of the private life of Sievers, and that little is seldom interesting except in relation to his official career. In this respect his life is thoroughly Russian. An English statesman who had held high office for so long, and had been entrusted with a work of such magnitude as the second partition of Poland, would surely have left behind him more strictly social materials, would have had some private life, seen men and cities, and judged them

from his own point of view as well as from that prescribed to him by the tradition of his office. How different is the Russian theory may be judged from this book. The number of purely private reminiscences may be counted on one hand. When Sievers was a young man, he passed some time in London, and he remembered in later life with pleasure that he had seen Hogarth "sitting under a tree in the garden at Windsor, with a book in his hand making drawings." He made the acquaintance of Shakspeare's plays from Garrick's acting, and also became familiar with Handel's music, and retained all his life a partiality for Handel and Shakspeare, though the latter had not yet been discovered by the Germans. And in the very last years of his life he paid a striking tribute to Washington by planting a small mound in his garden, and calling it Mount Vernon, while lamenting, in terms which recall the end of Byron's ode to Napoleon, that France and Europe never had a Washington. These are the only striking notices unconnected with Sievers' career, but his career is rich in incidents of another sort. Independently of his own duties as Governor of Novogorod and ambassador in Poland during the second partition, there is no lack of anecdotes from the Court of Catharine and her successor, which throw a further light on the manners of a wild time. Though not an accomplice in either knaveries or debaucheries, Sievers is diplomatist enough to be cautious and reticent. It is true that he calls Potemkin the Prince of Darkness, and that he was bold enough to write to Catharine and warn her against her favourite. Catharine replied, "Your postscript is dictated by zeal, and I have burnt it," which showed great consideration in the Empress. But on other occasions Sievers adopts a more courtier-like tone, which he may have inherited from an aunt, a Baroness Sievers, who distinguished herself by a happy compliment to the Empress Elizabeth. A very rich stuff had lately come from Paris, and was offered to the Empress; the Empress found it too dear, and refused to buy it, whereupon the Baroness Sievers bought it, and wore it on the Empress's birthday. "Ah, ah," said the Empress, "that stuff was too dear for me." "What could I find," replied the Baroness, "that would be too dear for the festival of the birth of my Empress?" Such people are made to succeed in life, and if the aunt left any of her tact to Sievers it was a valuable legacy. He always considered his handwriting a chief source of his success, and boasted the excellence of it to his grandchildren, saying that three Russian Empresses loved to read it. He always speaks of his sovereigns with the same respect. It is always Catharine's fiery spirit, Catharine's immortal works, the immortal Elizabeth; the government of Peter III. was short but admirable. Such expressions recall the old gentleman in the Russian comedy:—

That was another Court than now,
And people too of other sort,
When our great Catharine ruled on earth;
Then were still men of greatest worth,
They lived still on a grander footing,
And though you looked respectfully,
They answered, scarcely their toupes
In motion putting.

But the Court of Paul was calculated to awaken the most poignant regret for that of Catharine. Neither Catharine nor her favourites played the same pranks as Paul. Catharine did not send a whole regiment to Siberia from the exercising place, because an order had passed unheard; or pour spoonfuls of ice into the jackboots of a page, and punish him if he made a wry face; or let an unfortunate Frenchman imitate the gestures of a drunkard, and then seize him by the throat and almost strangle him because one of his drunken gestures was to put on his hat in the Imperial presence. If Sievers was out of place amidst the intrigues of Catharine's Court, he must have felt far more uncomfortable at the age of seventy under a reign of practical jokes which might end in gout, or strangling, or Siberia.

Sievers began active life in the Russian army, and served in the Seven Years' War. In the battle of Grossjägerndorf he was hit by a bullet on the chest, and it is remarked by the biographer that, on the very same day, perhaps the same hour, Sievers' father wrote to his uncle, "To-day is J. J.'s birthday, perhaps the day of his death. God be merciful to us all." The prayer was heard; the bullet rebounded from Sievers' gorget, and he escaped without a wound. The same fortune attended him in the battle of Zorndorf, and at the return of peace he passed into civil service. He was just thirty-three years old when he was made Governor of Novogorod, a post he occupied for seventeen years. The history of those years is important for the interior of Russia, though it need not be told in such minute detail for the readers of other nations. The immense industry of Sievers, which called forth the admiration of his Prussian colleague during the second partition of Poland, was exerted here in a more useful manner. He is fully entitled to the credit claimed by M. Rénan for Pontius Pilate, of being a *bon administrateur*, and it is no small evidence of Catharine's penetration that when a list of thirty candidates for the post was submitted to her, and the name of Sievers was the last on the list, she was wise enough to choose him. The quantity of work he did is almost fabulous. He travelled all about his government, founding new towns, inspecting the country, encouraging agriculture, looking after woods and salt mines, turf and coal. "He urged on the Empress the improvement of judicial procedure, the abolition of torture, simplification of trade and intercourse, creation of a police, erection of banks, better regulation of taxes, expenses, finances." He looked after all these things with his

* Graf Jacob Johann von Sievers, und Russland zu dessen Zeit. Von Karl Ludwig Blum. Leipzig: Winter.

own eyes, and took the management of them all into his own hands. He imported potatoes from Ireland, and Catharine, in reply to a letter in which he mentioned this importation and complained of the quantity of thieves in his government, said, "I wish you more potatoes and fewer thieves." He brought the post-office into life, and had postmasters appointed; founded the first bank in Russia; continued the water communications of the country which had been commenced by Peter the Great; navigated all the rivers, and examined sluices with as much zeal as if he was an engineer. He found his country in a deplorable condition, and he left it flourishing. The Empress was highly pleased with him, and his wife wrote from Petersburg to beg him to come and strike the iron while it was hot. But Sievers might have been more pleased with the respect of all the people throughout his government. His popularity was such that once, when his wife was travelling and came to an inn where there was only one room to be had, the hostess no sooner heard that the lady was the wife of Sievers than she cleared the whole house for her. In all the many towns which he founded, restored, or extended, the main street is called after the Empress, and one of those running into the main street is the Sievers Street. So late as fifty years after the time of his administration, one of his grandsons, a young and fast officer, had lost all his money at play, and was detained in an inn at Novogorod. The old inhabitants heard of it, met, declared it would be a scandal if a Sievers ever wanted in the town which owed so much to his ancestor, subscribed the money, paid his debts, and presented him with a carriage, as well as a good round sum of money for his homeward journey. It was during Sievers' government that Catharine "attracted the attention of Europe by her bold resolve to be vaccinated herself, to see if the successor to the throne could safely undergo the operation." The rise of Potemkin also occurred in that time, and we learn from Sievers' Life that the new favourite professed to have religious scruples, and conveyed them to the Empress's confessor, hoping to have their connexion sanctified by marriage. But Catharine, who had nearly succumbed to such pressure twelve years before, was proof against it now, and told Potemkin that, if he was not contented with his position, she could easily find another. This brought him to his senses. One of the many journeys on which the Governor of Novogorod was despatched was to take measures against the entrance of the plague, which was communicated by the Turkish war, and which, in spite of all precautions and all quarantine on the frontiers, made its way to Moscow. The account of the plague in Moscow has some touches that remind us of Manzoni's admirable sketch, in the *Promessi Sposi*, of the plague at Milan. The Moscow police made a profit out of the public calamity. They threatened rich people with quarantine in a lazaretto filled with plague-struck patients, unless they would pay hundreds of roubles. The men who attended the dead-carts seized on servants who were going home with money for their masters, and flung them in among the corpses, so as to plunder them at leisure. Some of the doctors' houses were stormed by the populace, and a dancing-master who was taken for a doctor had his legs broken. A fray arose about a wonder-working picture, and the Archbishop of Moscow was massacred.

Between his government of Novogorod and his embassy at Warsaw Sievers passed ten years in retirement, and to this period belong those "memorable interviews of the Empress of Russia and the Emperor of the West" which were deemed worthy of a note by Gibbon. The European importance of Sievers' life begins with his mission to Poland. It is a curious fact that, when living in London as a young man, he was an intimate friend of Stanislaus Poniatowski, and that the two paid a visit together to the ex-King of Corsica, who was then imprisoned for debt. The story has an almost tragic significance. When those two visitors to the ex-King met in later life, one of them was to be King, and the other was virtually to depose him, and the debts of the King of Poland were to be one of the chief instruments employed against him. The Orestes and Pylades of youth were to be brought together in a very different relation in manhood, and the worst part of the business was that the Sovereign at whose command Pylades was sent to despoil his friend had herself been the mistress of Orestes. Whether she chose Sievers as judiciously for this office as for his former one may at first sight seem doubtful; his biographer is indignant with her for making a man of such a "noble, open, genuine character," "a man of principle," subservient to her worst passions. But she chose wisely. Her object was, as Sybel remarks in his most able History, to put forward the side of her character which was friendly to Poland; and when she had used Sievers to decoy the Poles into her net, she threw him over and crushed them. Sievers assured his daughters that, when he went to Poland, he had no official knowledge of the intended partition, and his biographer remarks that the truth of this assertion is confirmed by all the papers before him. But did Sievers long remain ignorant? Did he not suggest to the Empress the total annexation of Poland, and delay the Prussian division because he thought his mistress wanted to get the whole? We confess that, though there seems to be no reason to deny the honourable desires of Sievers and his warm feeling for Poland, we must regret to find him mixed up in such a spoliation. Ought he to have thrown up his post, and gone into disgrace? We will not decide. But we think there might be some limit at this point to biographical admiration, and that the cabin passenger should rather walk the plank than be an accomplice in a piracy.

On his way to Warsaw, Sievers was met by tidings of the

sentence of death on Louis XVI. having been passed, and directly afterwards we find him preparing King Stanislaus for his own sentence. Sievers had to persuade the King to go to Grodno, and told him that the Empress was discontented with his conduct about the Constitution of the 3rd of May, and the only way to regain her favour was to do exactly as she wished. The King wanted his debts paid, which Sievers said the Empress would not do unless he made up his mind to go to Grodno. However, Sievers felt much sympathy for the King, and expressed it in his private letters. "Only think how badly the King is lodged; he dines in his antechamber; he seems to have only three rooms besides the show-rooms for audiences." Another time he writes to his daughter—"You are very right to sympathize with the King; I do so myself, though he does not deserve it. If you heard us, you would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry to see a King praying with such humility to your father. I cannot make his secretary stop calling me *Éclairci*, and then he says—'The King begs most submissively.'" And the King had to beg submissively. When he made up his mind to go to Grodno, he had to get Sievers to advance him money for his journey. He was always afraid of some violence being done him, and Sievers had to give him many assurances that there should be no attempt to force him. Fortunately these assurances were verbal, as Catharine had instructed her ambassador—"Don't write anything, above all don't sign your name, that the King may not make a bad use of what you do." We find, accordingly, that when the King delayed his departure, Sievers was under the painful necessity of laying an embargo on the royal revenues, and left exact orders with the Russian general at Warsaw how to behave to the King, so as to force him, if necessary, to set out. Again, when the King loitered on the road, Sievers wrote to him:—

Yesterday I wished to order the troops which are quartered in Grodno to remove into the surrounding country, so as to relieve the inhabitants of the town, and I could not manage it. Yesterday I wrote to General Igelström to pay the Palatinates with which accounts have been closed, and to-day he must countermand it, and cannot pay. To-morrow I must give orders to close the Vistula and Niemen for the navigation of ships and barks.

From all this I conclude that it is most urgently necessary for your Majesty to hasten your arrival at Grodno. I beg you most particularly to overlook minor obstacles. *Your rooms are ready.*

In fact, it was a case of "No compulsion, only you must." There would be no excuse for Sievers if he also had not been far from a free agent. But the pressure put upon him by Catharine was as severe as that he put on the King, and the shifts to which he was driven for money were almost as annoying as the King's debts were to the King. Nor was Catharine more grateful to Sievers than the King was. After all his attempts to soften the inevitable fate of Poland, after the gentleness with which he handled the victims, after his exclamations of "Poor Poland!" "Oh, my sovereign, how many tears this unhappy land has cost me!" after his desire to make the fortune of the Poles in spite of themselves, he might think the King truly ungrateful in making a last effort for the release of the country. "The King has betrayed me!" he exclaims in a letter to his daughter; "he cabals against me in the Diet, he even dares to play an open game. I did not hesitate for a moment. I have laid an embargo on all his revenues." No one who views the matter from without will be astonished at the King's audacity. But Catharine's ingratitude to Sievers would be inexplicable in any one but Catharine. After sending a man who had served her faithfully and honourably to a post where he was in a constant strait between official duty and personal honour, after leaving him to his own resources to raise the necessary sums for bribing the whole Diet, her object was no sooner gained than she dismissed him in the most offensive terms, and submitted him to the further indignity of having to produce exact accounts before she would pay the sums he had raised for her service. One result of this last outrage is that we have a full statement from Sievers himself of the wholesale bribery he had to practise:—

Ozarowski received 500 ducats a month the first two months, and 1,000 a month afterwards, 3,000 ducats for the elections of Cracow and Sandomir, the place of Commandant of Warsaw, with a salary of 24,000 florins, a regiment of guards for himself, a brigade of cavalry for one of his sons, and an infantry regiment for another. I also paid his house-rent. Bielinski, the Marshal of the Diet, had about 1,000 ducats a month. I paid the house-rent of a great many deputies. Boscamp was ordered to feed some, to board others, and to keep fourteen hackney-coaches, which were gradually reduced to four. Bishop Kossakowski had 4,000 ducats for the elections of Lithuania. He demanded 8,000, but as I had given him an income of 150,000 roubles by the administration of the Bishopric of Cracow, I thought the former sum sufficient. Seventeen other deputies had from 500 to 600 ducats, Bishop Sirakowski 300 ducats, the Secretaries of the Diet 500. I pass over in silence small sums for public spies, and other nameless people. The King had 20,000 ducats for his journey from Warsaw to Grodno, and 3,000 for the journey back. As I knew that he had not much money in his *caisse*, and had not signed the order for closing the Diet, I sent him two days after his departure 1,000 ducats by the secretary, who brought me back the order signed. I spent some money in removing several deputies from the sittings, so that the noise might be less.

Such were the duties discharged by Sievers for his Sovereign, and we have already seen the return she made. It is, perhaps, the finest trait in Sievers' character that one of the last acts of his life was to burn all Catharine's letters to him, some three or four hundred. This was, indeed, a generous revenge. Sievers' daughter, when she heard what her father had done, was surprised, and expressed her regret; but the old man replied significantly, "I owed it to the memory of my Empress." It is hard to conceive a more striking comment on the character of the Sovereign and the devotion of the statesman.

PUBLIC MEN AND PRETTY WOMEN.*

MRS. FLORA DAWSON is an admirable specimen of a well-preserved school-girl. From the dates of many of her recollections, it can be no incivility to surmise that in the flesh she has left that youthful period far behind, but in spirit she is absolutely unchanged from what she may have been some unknown number of years ago. Her real contemporaries are to be found, not in the survivors of her own generation, but in those interesting beings whose mission is to contemplate existence with their arms round one another's waists, and to whom life itself would be a desert save for the sympathizing society and correspondence of some kindred spirit of their own sex. Generally speaking, the arms get untwined somehow, the desert is crossed without much suffering—by the help perhaps of an oasis or two of flirtation with some equally kindred spirit of the other sex—and the romantic friends settle down into well-regulated young women with a general tendency to the prosaic and a decided eye to the main chance. But there are occasionally those who live to hand on to the next age the follies of its predecessor, and such an instance is the authoress of *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women*. Her recollections could not be more characteristic if they had gushed fresh from the lips of sixteen. We have read duller books than hers, for a sensible book may be dull; we have seen books as foolish, for folly is often combined with a good deal of cleverness; but for silliness, pure and unadulterated, we hardly know its equal. The writer has the gift, if not of perpetual youth, at least of perpetual missishness. She is the Wandering Jewess of the boarding-school.

The "episode" which bears the title "The Pink Robe and the Last Parting" affords a good example of Mrs. Dawson's peculiar merits. She is describing Murat's Queen as she appeared on the eve of the revolution which drove her husband from Naples, and she is naturally anxious to paint in the most startling colours the contrast between the happiness of to-day and the ruin of to-morrow. All the possible components of royal felicity are here to choose from, and her pencil instinctively singles out that dearest to the young heart in every rank—trying on dresses:—

The floor, the chairs, were strewn with different coloured materials. The maids of honour displayed each their favourite habiliment, while Aurore de Courval's blooming countenance and glossy black hair were just distinguishable above the folds of a pink robe of the richest and softest satin. Whether it was the insinuating smiles and persuasions of the young girl, or the beautiful effect of the tender colouring in the haze of the glowing sunset, as Aurore waved it temptingly hither and thither, the Queen at once exclaimed, with almost passionate admiration, "Oh, the pink robe! the pink robe!"

After a scene like this we are prepared for anything that may follow in the way of misery and despair. Such happiness as this is too bright to be long vouchsafed to frail humanity. The gods themselves must envy a bliss so perfect and profound. In some, however, of Mrs. Dawson's reminiscences, "princes" play a more commonplace part. Thus, in a chapter devoted to an incident in the life of the Royal family of Bavaria, the interest is of the quietest and most ordinary type. "Some time after the last great European war was over—it was in April 1823—the old King of Bavaria went off to see his sister, the Queen of Saxony," taking with him his five daughters. Their stay at the Saxon Court seems to have been marked by no event of importance, but on his departure the King, rising with the occasion, "managed to bring tears into some of our eyes." In this respect royalty has advantages over men of common mould, for in order to unlock the fountains of emotion it was only necessary for him to wish his sister good-bye. "Old Bavaria struggled not against his feelings; he put his two lusty arms around his sister, and hugged her again and again." This touching spectacle of affection in high places might have proved too overpowering, if his daughters had not been thoughtful enough to supply the bystanders with a corrective. "A comic scene should follow the tragic, and something less painful and more amusing was the parting between the younger princes and princesses." In this ceremony the youngest princess—true to her fairy tale reputation—bore the prominent part, and her demeanour seems to have closely resembled that of the youngest Miss Pecksniff on leaving the dining-room at Todgers, when "the last things visible were a shape and a skip":—

When the whole party of Bavarians filed off under the large velvet curtains that fell around the doors, the last thing seen was the fifth princess—the youngest, smallest, almost Fenella-like and spoilt little beauty—stopping, and stooping, and catching up her crimson train, and a tiny Blenheim and its playmate in her arms, and kissing vehemently their little noses alternately as they peeped out from the folds, while she cast merry glances back over her shoulder at the bowing and sighing princes of Saxony, who, perhaps a little tantalized at this spectacle, were unwillingly taking their departure at the opposite extremity of the hall.

It would seem at first sight as though the "stopping, and stooping, and catching up her crimson train, and a tiny Blenheim in her arms," were separate and unconnected acts; but on reflection we are inclined to attribute this to the writer's peculiar method of punctuation, and to take them all as parts of one great whole, having for its final cause the ultimate exaltation of the spaniel.

Most of Mrs. Dawson's recollections of "public men" refer to a time, some thirty years back, when she was a frequenter of the "gilded saloons of the Honourable Mrs. L—— S——." "See that comfortable boudoir, with its crimson curtains"; within it

stands a gentleman slight in figure and ordinary in appearance:—

One distinctive mark, nowhere noticed perhaps so much as in a ball-room, denoted a French origin—the feet are small as a woman's, and the bright points of the glossy black shoe but just pass the hem of the trowser. The hands are small, white, and feminine—as far as we could judge, for they are soon cased again in gloves of snowy whiteness. The arm, that slightly touched his partner's waist as he inquired if she were ready to join the dancers, seemed little fitted to give support. His head was chiefly remarkable (at that time) for a profusion of hair.

The young lady is not, it seems, well pleased with her partner. He "has not, she thinks, much in him. Not much conversation is passing between them, and no interchange of glances. It is not a flirtation." Her indifference gives Mrs. Dawson—wise after the event—an opportunity for a string of appropriate apostrophes on the character and conduct of the Emperor of the French:—

Oh, did you know, fair girl, what destinies await him whom you look at so negligently! That little hand which touches yours so lightly, and hesitates whether it may lead you a few steps forward towards the music, shall wield a sceptre with an iron grasp; the arm you deem too weak almost to lean on shall uphold the mighty rule of Empire.

A little further on, however, it seems to strike the authoress that a hesitating hand and a weak arm are hardly the characteristics of a good partner, and she hastens to sacrifice consistency to compliment. "I will only add one decided encomium to what has already been said—he danced, as he did everything else, well." Or perhaps the dancing of those days—when "all languished, men most of all"—required no display of that vigour and determination which His Imperial Majesty has since shown himself to possess. "What would the young exquisites who drew their lingering legs along the few figures of a French quadrille, or turned automaton-like in the stately waltz, have said to the fiery ardour of the present fashionable dances?" Doubtless the change is great, and its effects have been felt far beyond the limits of the ball-room. We have heard an eminent dignitary of the Church assert that hearts went out when waltzes came in. It may be some consolation to him to learn, on Mrs. Dawson's authority, that if hearts have gone out, muscles have at any rate taken their place. The introduction of the *deux temps* was the real national-defence movement:—

Perhaps—so linked are great things with small—the energy which awoke in the dance was the preface to the splendid uprising of Englishmen; of our Volunteers, with their wonderful activity of strength and sinew, and of the fine manly and healthy enthusiasm which has taken the place of self-indulgence and affectation.

Thirty years ago Sir E. B. Lytton was a far more important person than Louis Napoleon. "Even then the ladies raved about him. Nor in London only; the solitary maiden, seated in the dark parlour of some old manor-house, hung, forgetful of all, over his thrilling stories." But the charm was not in his novels alone; "there was an interest in the history of his own untold life":—

A dash of romance had marked his early career. He had known well the entrancing, overwhelming power of the blind deity. But the idol before whom he knelt was the Nemesis who threw a pall over those bright visions of mutual felicity. But let us not thrust offensive pity on him who has never uttered a complaint.

We are glad to be spared all danger of volunteering "offensive pity" by a total inability to unravel the metaphors through which our compassion is appealed to. What is a Nemesis throwing a pall over a vision?

The "pretty women" who make up the title of the book are mostly connected with the writer's grandmother, herself "rich, well-born, and beautiful," and happy in being the wife of Mrs. Dawson's "maternal grandfather." As this gentleman, however, was "a barrister of great eminence," it seems to have been thought necessary to keep the connexion secret, "marriage, under even the most favourable circumstances, being supposed to militate against a young man in his profession." A villa near London was therefore "fitted up for his wife, where she resided in much privacy," while her husband was "entertaining his friends at his town apartments, which were kept up as a bachelor establishment." It is to be presumed that this state of things was at that time so common among "barristers of great eminence" that it created no scandal. With his wife lived his cousin and ward, Lucy Fortescue, a girl of nineteen, passionately attached to her friend, and also passionately in love. As her father had given his consent to her engagement before his death, and her guardian raised no objection, everything would have gone smoothly if it had not been for the intervention of an uncle. Why this gentleman's sanction was necessary to Lucy's marriage, seeing that her father and her guardian had already given theirs, is not very clear; we are only told that it was so, and that it was refused "on various pretexts"—the real reason being that the uncle, regardless of the table of prohibited degrees, wanted to marry her himself. One evening, the day before Lucy's twentieth birthday, the lovers are together in "my grandmother's" drawing-room. They have been talking of their marriage, which now cannot be delayed beyond a year, and—

"Now, Lucy," said my grandmother, "I want to see how you will do it. When he takes the ring, he puts it on your finger —"

"He gives it to the clergyman first; he lays it on the book," interrupted Lucy eagerly, betraying a knowledge of the marriage service that brought out a merry laugh against her.

"Well," said my grandmother, "suppose I am the clergyman. I give your husband—that is to be—this ring," and she suited the action to the words, "and he puts it on your finger so;" and Lucy's tender hand was raised by her lover, and with much solemnity the little ring was placed on the fourth finger of the left hand.

Lucy coloured and smiled, and said, "How nice it felt."

* *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women; Episodes in Real Life.* By Flora Dawson. London: Richard Bentley. 1864.

After an evening thus spent, the two friends "sought their pillow," to dream till morning "enlaced in each other's arms." What their dreams were, Mrs. Dawson appears to know, but declines to tell. She dares not "lift the curtain that shrouded the young wife that was or the young wife that was to be." There is great tragic power about the opening of the next paragraph. "The morning broke. I was going to add, in the words of a well known song, 'it brought despair'; but I am premature. It brought breakfast"; and certainly "my grandmother's" views of a proper breakfast for two young ladies were of the most substantial kind. "The piles of muffins and of household dainties, the juicy steak, the symmetrical toast," must have sometimes made her husband rejoice that his wife was as wealthy as she was beautiful. If Mrs. Dawson had been "going to add, 'it brought indigestion,'" we should not have been much surprised; why she was tempted to say despair, any one who cares to discover can read the book for himself. One encouragement to do so we can conscientiously give him. We have not extracted all the plums. There is scarcely a page in which he may not find passages quite as silly as any of those which have been quoted.

AUBREY'S WILTSHIRE COLLECTIONS.*

EVERY one knows the name of John Aubrey, most commonly as the authority for some quaint tale or grotesque superstition, and this sort of reputation may perhaps have debarred him from some of the credit which he really deserves. He was one of the earliest of the class of local antiquaries, than whom no class is more necessary and praiseworthy, so long as they only know their proper place and their proper relation to their betters. Men like Aubrey had no really scientific knowledge of any one branch of their subject. That, two hundred years back, they had not the lights of our day was no fault of theirs; that they were mere Nethinim compared with such men as Camden, Selden, Tanner, and Gibson, was no fault of theirs either. They were filled with a genuine, if not very intelligent, love of antiquity; they noted down everything they saw of every kind; sometimes they left scientific inferences to stronger heads; and, even when they attempted them for themselves, their pardonable and well-intentioned blunders afford a kind of amusement which is consistent with the most perfect charity. They really knew quite as much as a later generation of antiquaries—the county historians of the last century; and what they did know they could set forth with infinitely greater life and spirit. The study of antiquities was then in its childhood, and the antiquaries of that time amuse us by a childlike liveliness and simplicity which sets them far above dull compilers like Collinson and Bridges. One would instinctively shrink from the company of men of this last order, one does instinctively shrink from their modern representatives, but a chat with Aubrey would be almost as delightful as a chat with Herodotus or Sir John Maundeville. Aubrey's Editor, Mr. J. E. Jackson, might have spared himself all the apologies which he makes in his Introduction, and which simply show that he does not appreciate his author. "It is only fair," Mr. Jackson tells us, "to remember that Aubrey's manuscript makes no sort of pretension to the dignity of a County History." It is just because Aubrey's Collections make no pretensions to the dignity of a County History, or to dignity of any kind, that we value Aubrey's Collections. Conceive the dear, garrulous, old collector smothered with the sort of dignity which Mr. Jackson would fain thrust upon him. The "dignity of history" is bad enough in any case; but surely the dignity of a County History must be a lower depth still. Mr. Jackson condescendingly tells us that "Aubrey's mere language is amusing"; we can assure Mr. Jackson that his own language, when he says so, is very amusing also, though in quite another way from Aubrey's. We wonder what Mr. Jackson thought of the sentence where Aubrey laments the loss of the collections of some still earlier inquirers:—"Tis pitié that those papers should fall into the mercenary hands of woemen, and be put under pies." This vivid picture of the dangers to which antiquarian manuscripts are sometimes exposed is, to our mind, worth all the twaddle of all the dignified County Historians over whom we ever slumbered.

In fact this large quarto is, as far as Mr. Jackson is concerned, a thorough mistake. It is too bad for Mr. Jackson to talk of "correcting and enlarging" Aubrey. It is too bad to stick his own name outside like a member of a firm—"Aubrey and Jackson," as if they had worked together like Tate and Brady. It is too bad to put a view of Mr. Jackson's parish-church as the frontispiece to the volume, and to thrust Aubrey, in his wig and laced bands, into quite a secondary place. It is still worse to smother Aubrey altogether with Mr. Jackson's notes, and even to venture on innovations in his text. What was wanted was Aubrey's own jottings, with a few notes, correcting any distinct errors, answering Aubrey's numerous "Quæres," and filling up his numerous blanks. Mr. Jackson gives us instead long notes, quite suited to the dignity of a County History, and which would have been much better kept back till Mr. Jackson takes one in hand. He appears to be a respectable antiquary of the old school, somewhat dull and ponderous, knowing all the pedigrees in the county, but having very little notion either of connecting local

with general history or of giving any scientific account of ancient buildings. These are the two great deficiencies of common County Histories. We do not blame Aubrey in the least for being quite incapable of doing either; we do not at all wish to obtrude such matters upon Aubrey's text unless they are specially needed to explain his notes or to answer his Quæres; but when Mr. Jackson undertakes so very full a comment, we begin to expect some help from him of this kind. But he gives us very little. He confesses to having re-arranged Aubrey's matter, and he has a way, in addition to his own notes, of sticking in dates and references between brackets into Aubrey's text. For instance, Aubrey, speaking of Castle Combe, says:—

The Castle, whereof now remains the Toff, strongly seated on a steep hill, was demolished in the time of the Danes; Jo. Scrope, Esqr. hath some old writings that mention so much. Q. what year. Mem. get a Draught of the Castle Keep.

Mr. Jackson sticks the date 878 into Aubrey's text, but he quotes no authority of any kind, nor does he give us any account of Mr. Scrope's "old writings." All he can say in his note is—

Some early work may have been destroyed by the Danes; but the Castle at Combe is considered to have been built by the Dunsterville family.

That the Danes found a castle, in the usual sense of that word, to destroy in 878, is of course most unlikely; but why is Mr. Jackson so certain in one part of the page and so doubtful in another? Till we have a reference given, we shall suppose that 878 is a conjectural date, founded on the fact that the Danes were at Chippenham that year.

One is amused (p. 417) to find the great opponent of King Stephen described as "Robert, surnamed 'the Consul,' natural son of King Hen. I." That people are puzzled at the appearance of Consuls in England and France we are not surprised, but we do not know why Mr. Jackson, like a great many other people, attaches this special mystery to the Consulship of Earl Robert. Robert was "surnamed 'the Consul,'" only in the sense in which every other contemporary Earl was equally surnamed the Consul. That is to say, Henry of Huntingdon, and others who used the same affected style, thought it fine to say "Consul" instead of "Comes." We found some time ago that King Alfred used "Heretoga" to translate a real Roman Consul. "Comes," "Earl," "Ealdorman," "Heretoga," all mean the same thing, and "Consul" is simply another synonym.

To turn to architecture, it will be found that Mr. Jackson gives very unintelligent accounts of the remarkable churches of Purton and Wanborough; but it is much worse that, when he finds his author giving a perfectly accurate account of Malmesbury Abbey, the second ecclesiastical building in the county, he should go out of his way to set matters wrong in a note. We do not expect scientific precision on these subjects from Aubrey; but he had learned, from his own observation, from the tradition of the place, or from Leland—it matters little from which—that the Abbey church, when perfect, had both a central and a western tower. Leland saw the western tower standing; the existing remains fully bear out his statement; the whole matter was explained and demonstrated on the spot at a meeting of the Wiltshire Society; yet, in defiance of all this, Mr. Jackson actually calls Leland's testimony in question. Aubrey says:

The Abbey Church was built *per crucem*, in the middle whereof was the Tower, on which, no doubt, as every where else almost in this Champagne Country, was a steeple.

Hughes of Wootton Bassett saies, that the Steeple of Malmesbury Abbey was as high almost as Paule's, and that when the steeple fell, the ball of it fell as far off as the Griffin. A great Tower was at the end of the Church.

Mr. Jackson first thinks it necessary to explain that Aubrey by "Paules," meant "not St. Paul's Church, Malmesbury, but St. Paul's Cathedral, London," and goes on to comment on the west tower:—

This is described by Leland as square, at the West end of the Abbey Church, and still standing when he visited this town. . . . Judging (from the ruins) of the general Plan of the Abbey Church, it does not seem clear how a single square Tower could have been introduced at the West end. But Leland's visit was very short and his description most superficial. It is not improbable that he may have mistaken one of the corner Western Towers, part of which is still left, for a main Western Tower.

This is really, in a professed antiquary, a case of *crassa ignorantia*. Leland was not so stupid as to mistake a single main western tower for a "corner western tower," that is, we suppose, one at the end of an aisle. He was least of all likely to make such a mistake with regard to a church which had no "corner western towers" to lead him astray. The "corner western tower" is to be found only in Mr. Jackson's imagination, and the existing ruins show with perfect clearness the very singular way in which the western tower was introduced—a daring, one might say foolhardy, feat, but not the impossibility which Mr. Jackson seems to think it. Leland's account cannot be fairly called superficial; it is not a detailed account, but it is correct as far as it goes. Leland was at any rate long enough at Malmesbury to get up the characteristic features of the church. Mr. Jackson must either not have been at Malmesbury at all, or else must have spent his time there to much less advantage.

Here, again, is a passage which is wholly incomprehensible. There is a place near Malmesbury called Whitchurch or "Album Monasterium." On this Mr. Jackson comments.

Of the origin of the name of White-church, Bede says "there was a time when there was not a stone Church in all the land, but the custom was to build them all of wood; and therefore when a Church was built of stone, it was such a rarity and unusual thing among the Britons that they called the place 'Candida Casa' or White-Church." [Hist. III. c. 4.]

* Wiltshire. The Topographical Collections of John Aubrey, F.R.S. A.D. 1659-70, with Illustrations. Corrected and enlarged by John Edward Jackson, M.A., F.S.A. Published by the Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society. Devizes: Bull. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Mr. Jackson's translation, as a translation, is somewhat of the freest, the words of Bede being as follows:—

Qui locus ad provinciam Berniciorum pertinens vulgo vocatur "Ad Candidam Casam," eo quod ibi ecclesiam de lapide, insolito Brittonibus more, fuerit.

It is not easy to see what this has to do with the matter. Anybody would think, from Mr. Jackson's version, that Bede was speaking of English churches in general, and of the Malmesbury Whitchurch in particular, instead of which he is not speaking of England at all, but of the Britons of Galloway.

Again, how could "King Edwin" give anything to Malmesbury Abbey in 982? (p. 210). How could the advowson of Ashley (p. 207) "belong in 1554 to the College of St. Mary Newark at Leicester"? We are not aware that that College escaped the general suppression of Colleges under Edward the Sixth; if it was temporarily revived under Mary, so curious a fact should have been distinctly mentioned. More remarkable still is this. Aubrey mentions a place called Fasteerne, and adds—

Tradition, that Richard Cœur de Lyon was borne here, or Duke of Yorke. I believe the arms in the North Aisle of the Church, with a label of 3, was of that Duke that was here borne.

Mr. Jackson's comment runs:—"That it was the birthplace of Richard Cœur de Lion seems incorrect. The best authorities place that event at Fotheringhay Castle." Now we know of no authority for the reign of Henry the Second better than Dean Ralph of Diss, who distinctly says that Richard was born at Oxford. Whether Richard Duke of York in the fifteenth century was born at Fotheringhay we have not inquired, but nothing is more likely, as Fotheringhay was a favourite possession of his family. But is it possible that Mr. Jackson has confounded two such notable Richards, with so great a gap between them?

We will now bid farewell to Mr. Jackson; we will bring no further charge against him except that he believes in Ingulf. He is not worse than a great many other worthy men, who are full of useful local information which may be of good service to inquirers of another order, but who cannot themselves make any enlarged use of the knowledge they have, and who break down the moment they get beyond their own narrow bounds. We have no doubt that Mr. Jackson is a useful member of the Wiltshire Archeological Society, but he is rather out of place in a quarto volume as partner with the genial old Aubrey. We will, in conclusion, refresh ourselves with a few draughts from the original author's most amusing preface.

Our good antiquary seems to have been fully convinced of the excellence of the good old times, when "there were no rates for the poore," when "all things were civil and without scandall," and when "the consciences of the people were kept in so great awe, by Confession, that just dealing and vertue were habituell." In those days "this Country was very full of Religious Howses; a man could not have travelled but he must have mett Monkes, Fryars, Bonhommes, &c., in their severall habits, black, white, and gray, &c.; and the Tingle Tangle of their convent Bells I fancie made very prettie musique, like the College bells at Oxon." The female religious were more useful still:—

The young mayds were brought up (not at Hakney, Sarum Schools, &c., to learn pride and wantonnesse, but) at the Nunneries, where they had examples of Piety, and Humility and modestie and obedience, to imitate and to practise. Here they learned needlework, the art of confectionary, surgery, (anciently no apothecaries or Surgeons—the gentlewomen did cure their poore neighbours; their hands are now too fine—vide Sir Courtly Nice in comedie, *epilogue*.) physick, writing, drawing, &c. Old Jacques, (who lived where Charles Hadnam did) could see from his Howse the Nunnes of the Priory, (St. Marie's near Kington St. Michael) come forth into the Nymphyay with their Rocks and Wheelles to spinne; and with their sowing work. He would say that he hath told threescore and ten; but of Nunnes there were not so many, but in all, with Lay Sisters, as widowes, old maydes, and young girdes, there might be such a number. This was a fine way of breeding up young women, who are led more by example than precept; and a good retirement for widowes and grave single women to a civil, virtuous, and holy life.

How the knights and squires had degenerated in Aubrey's days it was lamentable to see:—

Then were entails in fashion (a good prop for Monarchie). Destroying of petty Mannors began in H. 7. to be now common; whereby the meane people lived lawlesse, nobody to govern them, they cared for nobody, having on nobody any dependence; and thus, and by the selling the Church landes, is the Ballance of the Government quite altered, and putt into the handes of the common people. No Ale house nor yet Innes then, unless upon great Roades. When they had a minde to drinke, they went to the Friaries; and when they travelled they had entertainment at the Religious Howses for 3 dayes, if occasion so long required. The Meeting of the Gentry was not held at tipping howses; but in the Fields or Forests with their Horses and Howndes, with their Bugle horns in silken bawdricks. This part very much abounded with Forests and Parkes. Thus were good Spirits kept up; and good horses and good riders made. Whereas now, the Gentry of the Nation is so effeminized by Coaches, they are soe far from managing great horses that they know not how to ride hunting horses; besides the spoyleing of severall trades dependant.

Still there were some drawbacks even in that golden age. "The Halls of Justices of the Peace were dreadful to behold." But the really grievous time did not come till the tingle-tangle of Abbey bells was stopped:—

From the time of Erasmus till about 20 years past [1536-1650], the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starch as their bands and square beards; and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles past for wit, even in their sermons. The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding of their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmasters; and their schoolmasters, as masters of the house of correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of his parents as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of 30 and 40 years old were to stand like mutes and fools bare-

headed before their parents; and the daughters [grown women] were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud Mother's visit, unless (as the fashion was) leave was desired, forsooth, that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The boys, (I mean the young fellows) had their foreheads turned up, and stiffened with spittle; they were to stand mannerly forsooth thus: the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the bandstring; the other behind them. The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers; and in it had a handle at least half a yard long; with these the daughters were oftentimes corrected. [Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan. Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eyewitness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan]. But fathers and mothers slasht their daughters in the time of their besom discipline when they were perfect women. At Oxford, (and I believe at Cambridge) the rod was frequently used by the Tutors and Deans. And Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipt his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the Inns of Court.

LETTERS OF MISS CORNWALLIS.*

THERE is certainly a wonderful charm in a woman who to a true woman's heart unites the intellect of a man. And the combination is all the more delightful because of its rarity. It is rarer than the presence of the beauties of the feminine character in a truly vigorous and manly man. This last combination, indeed, is not by any means a thing of every-day occurrence. The masculine character too generally lacks that quickness of sympathy; that self-sacrifice in small things, that steadfastness in affection, and that keen perception of the minuter elements of human life which we look for in women. Yet such men are less uncommon, and when found are more readily appreciated, than women whose understanding possesses the breadth, the depth, the liberality, and the love of abstract truth which belong to men, without being in some degree unsexed in the more purely feminine parts of their nature. The merely clever woman who takes an interest in all sorts of great subjects is indeed common enough. Hundreds of women, especially until they are married, love to dabble in science, and history, and theology, and metaphysics, with an honest desire to know and to understand. And, to clever men, such delightfully quick and receptive creatures are the most charming of companions, especially when the eyes that sparkle and the cheeks that glow belong to a countenance still young and pretty. How flattering to the self-love of one of the "nobler" sex to pour forth his learning in the willing ear, to find his explanations of difficulties instantly and gratefully accepted, to feel that the display of his powers awakens no jealousy or painful sense of inferiority in a pupil as beautiful as she is intelligent. And—let it be added as a mournful fact—what an intolerable nuisance are these clever and frightfully well-informed women when they are neither young, nor pretty, nor well-dressed, nor sympathetic, nor conscious that anything divine or human is beyond the reach of their capacities! Is there anything more purely and hopelessly disagreeable than a woman who has made it her mission to prove, in season and out of season, that it is only the difference of education which makes her sex inferior to that which grammarians—with a baseness truly male—have denominated the "worthier gender"? Undoubtedly there is something singularly unmanly and ungentelemanly in the practice of a certain class of men, who invariably talk down to a woman as a sort of providentially prepared receptacle for all the nonsense and shams which they cannot produce before other men. But if there is anything which could excuse this exhibition of bad taste, it is the folly of those women who advocate their rights on the injured-innocence system—who see in every man a fortunate tyrant, and in every woman a luckless slave.

We have been tempted to this little outburst by the letters of a lady whose name as a writer was all but wholly unknown to the readers of her works. Miss Cornwallis's correspondence displays a mind at once so striking and so attractive that it is impossible not to glide off into reminiscences of the many women—or rather let us call them females—who imagine themselves to be what Miss Cornwallis really was, and who inflict upon readers, critics, and society in general, a species of woe reserved as a special chastisement for the men of this nineteenth century. She was the author of nearly the whole of the series of *Small Books on Great Subjects*, the first of which was published two-and-twenty years ago, under the title of *Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience, by a Pariah*. The range of subjects that the series included was extraordinary, especially considering that its principal writer was a woman. One is startled when the daughter of a country clergyman, brought up in the old-fashioned belief in Church and King, and in the most correct parsonic orthodoxy, quietly undertakes to set the world to rights on such matters as "the connexion between physiology and intellectual science," "practical organic chemistry," "the Greek philosophy," "the principles of criminal law," "the state of man before and after Christianity," and other such light and lively subjects. Knowing what a contemptuous generation would say of her, Miss Cornwallis wisely kept her own counsel as to her sex; and, of the many readers who wondered at the originality, thoughtfulness, and wide and accurate information which the series displayed, probably few, if any, ever guessed that they were being taught by a country-bred old maid, living, and suffering from incessant illness, not far from Tunbridge Wells. The first of the series is here

* Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis. Author of "Pericles, a Tale of Athens," "Small Books on Great Subjects," &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

reprinted, and though betraying a want of experience in the craft of authorship, and inferior in point of style to the writer's private letters, it unquestionably proves the possession of singular powers and acquirements. Besides the correspondence, the volume contains poems, original and translated, scarcely worth publishing; a specimen of her juvenile compositions still less worth printing; and some letters from the historian Sismondi, very interesting in themselves, and the more so from the circumstance that when Miss Cornwallis was twenty years old he wished to marry her. Though disparity of age and other causes induced her to decline the offer, it led to a friendship which went on increasing in affectionate intimacy till the time of the historian's death.

The real interest of the volume consists, however, in the picture it gives of the progress of a mind rare among even the most accomplished of women. It is not often that a childhood of precocious thought and sensibility is followed either by a long life or by anything unusual in the way of subsequent attainments. But here is a child whose character, at seven years old, frightened her mother from its capacities and its sensitiveness, and who yet lived above seventy years, with powers of thought and warmth of feeling ever strengthening with advancing life. Is there extant the biography of any other woman who, while still devoted to her dolls, began to write "histories, poems, commentaries, and essays," with plans, coloured maps, and drawings, and yet grew up to write, when more than fifty years old, to a correspondent (the Rev. John Freere) an elaborate vindication of the moral character of Aspasia, filling eight pages of octavo type? And this, too, just by way of a little pleasant letter-writing. Of course she read the Greek philosophers and the Fathers of the Church in the originals, and the process by which she read and thought herself out of the rigours of the creed in which she was educated is among the most curious phenomena of her life:—

I once talked [she says], with a young man about to take orders, of what I learned from the Fathers. After hearing a little, he exclaimed—"You must not say any more, for I shall have to subscribe the Articles, and if you unsettle me on any of these points (I was speaking of original sin) I shall not be able to do it with a good conscience." This man evidently did not believe those Articles, for, if he had done so, he would not have feared that his acquiescence in them would be weakened; and now he is coldly teaching the people what he believes to be liable to such serious objections that he did not dare to hear them! What wonder that the people do not profit?

All her views seem to have been her own in a remarkable degree, but not from crotchettiness, or conceit, or the predominance of feeling over thought. Always remaining attached to the Church of England as a communion, and taking no special interest in the movements of the parties in the theological world, the liberal opinions she formed were the result of hard reading and still harder thought, prompted by that overpowering sense of the great mystery of human life and ignorance, and that passionate, irrepresible love of truth for its own sake, which are rare enough among men, and still rarer among women. The following is from a letter to her friend Mrs. Atkins:—

It is easy to write, or to say with our Articles, that God is "without parts or passions," but to feel it is, I am well convinced, the most difficult task our nature has; and the way in which my own health sinks under the stretch of mind occasioned by such contemplations shows that God has been merciful in giving us more tangible objects to lay hold on. So convinced, indeed, am I that it is impossible to be well with such things always in one's head, that I would abandon these studies if I could, and plunge into active life, satisfied to do my duty as well as I could, and leave the rest to God's mercy. But in utter loneliness the mind turns inward to search into its own nature and prospects, and this research shakes the mortal case shrewdly. Few can comprehend this, and I who feel it can hardly describe; but I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon. . . . I sometimes doubt if my course of study and thinking affords happiness; gratification of no ordinary kind attends it sometimes, but it is only sometimes, and there are many hours of weariness, when the exhausted mind lies prostrate under the painful sense of its own littleness. . . . I am not a bit well, head aching continually, and every breath of wind makes me shiver; but the sword has worn out the scabbard, and it is too late now to mend it, so I must go on as I can. I could find in my heart to do as I did once when a child, and sit down by my bed-side and cry, nobody could tell why. I got a dose of physic for my pains then, and it cured me of crying for ever; but I should fancy my brains were none the better for that force done to nature, and I rather envy those who can open their eye-slucies and let off a little of that "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart."

Certainly the writer of the above was not one of those women of whom her father said that they "place one half of the glory of womanhood in bearing children, and the other half in being a fool." Illness, which dulls all ordinary minds, in her case seemed only to quicken the activity of thought and feeling. "Pray tell me," she says to a lawyer friend, to whom she had been just writing about Cicero's philosophical treatises, a set of Bampton Lectures, and other small matters—"pray tell me about the trans-bedpost regions; my whole concern at present is the cis-bedpost—a very narrow domain, likely to contract one's views."

What commonplace people thought of such an unusual apparition, when she was well enough to go into society, the letters do not tell. All we learn is from an occasional sentence or two like the following:—

Every man, you know, thinks he has a prescriptive right to be better informed than a woman, unless he has science enough himself to see that the said woman is up with him, and therefore must know something. Faraday allows me to question his notions, and explains very quietly, pleased to hear the views of others upon them; but Dr. D— met me with an indescribable grunt one day when I ventured to say a word on the early Church. But the fact is, I know less than Faraday, more than D—, and there's the rub.

What could the "locomotive oysters," as she calls them, make of a woman who writes to a correspondent that she has nothing to say, "having been confined to the house for two months, with Athanasius and Origen for my companions. I am making

large extracts from the first of these worthies, to show how orthodox I am?" A tract on the liberalism of the Athanasian theology would have been a curiosity worth seeing. If, indeed, Miss Cornwallis flattered the *amour propre* of her lady visitors by discoursing on her somewhat favourite theme, that the intellect of women is naturally equal to that of men, she may possibly have been as popular with them as we find her attractive to ourselves. Nevertheless, that there does exist any such natural equality we take leave to deny. That Miss Cornwallis herself had the intellect of a man, as well as the heart of a woman, is true enough. But one swallow does not make a summer. It requires but little observation of character to perceive that, however great may be the natural ability of many women, there exists a radical difference of kind in the understandings of the two sexes, which no identity of education can ever obliterate. A man's interest lies in generalizing, a woman's in details. Men look at human life as a whole; women look at the individual men and women they personally meet with. Politics—using the word in its widest sense—are usually uninteresting to women; their interest lies in the inner history of the family. Bring up a household of boys and girls, all taught alike and by the same persons, and even before childhood is over it will appear that the boys instinctively regard all things brought before them from a different point of view from that which is natural to the girls. What would become of the world of men, boys, and babies if women had not an overpowering inclination to interest themselves in the thoughts, joys, and pains of individuals—an inclination distinct from and almost incompatible with that care for public affairs which is natural to men? Moreover, in those matters in which women have the advantage over men in the way of early cultivation, it is not to be forgotten that they cannot claim the highest prizes of success. Wherever the imaginative faculty is largely called into play, women comparatively fail, though they delight in the imaginative works of others. Popularly, their sensibility, their tenderness, and their eager receptiveness are mistaken for high imaginative gifts. But, in reality, women are often far more matter-of-fact, less romantic and absurd, and more sensible in the hard dry work of practical life, than the other sex. Scarcely any woman has ever been a great poet, or painter, or sculptor, or musical composer; and a woman who heartily loves architecture is a pearl of great price. However, we can say nothing so much to the purpose as does Sismondi in one of the letters here published. We have quoted freely already from this most interesting book, but must find room for what he says on the difference between men and women, and shall not spoil its neatness and *esprit* by attempting a translation:—

Ne croyez point, chère amie, que je sois *engallant* pour les femmes, que je leur refuse la part prodigieuse que leur intelligence doit tenir dans le monde, ou que je ne sente pas tout le bien qu'on peut espérer de leur influence. Mais je ne crois point que les facultés des femmes et celles des hommes soient les mêmes; je désire que les uns et les autres contribuent à leur manière sans usurper le rôle les uns des autres, au bonheur, au développement de tous. Les qualités du cœur sont celles par lesquelles avant toutes les autres vous l'emportez sur nous; ces qualités même, et cette mobilité, sont causes que toutes vos opinions se traduisent en amour et en haine; que dans une discussion, ou de politique, ou de religion, ou de philosophie, vous avez décidé que l'un est un honnête homme, l'autre est un coquin, parcequ'ils soutiennent tel ou tel système, plutôt que d'examiner le système. Eh bien, je serais bien fâché que vous renoncassiez à cette sensibilité, à cette impétuosité: appelée pour votre part à faire des hommes, je ne mets que fort peu d'importance aux notions vraies ou fausses de science que vous pourriez implanter en eux durant leurs premières années; j'en mets une infinie aux sentiments que vous développez en eux. Dieu garde les enfans de mères qui seraient hommes; il n'y aurait plus de jeunesse pour eux, plus d'enthousiasme, plus de dévotement, peut-être plus de pitié. Que — demande, puisqu'elle le veut, ses droits de citoyen, mais qu'elle renonce à porter des jupons. Il est très-vrai qu'il y a quelque chose de masculin dans son esprit et son caractère, mais c'est une erreur de la nature, ou plutôt, c'est un bienfait de la Providence de ne lui avoir point donné d'enfans.

We earnestly commend these sentiments to the attention of every strong-minded spinster in the three kingdoms.

BERJEAU'S VARIETIES OF HORSES.*

THE younger M. Berjeau has made a particular field of archaeological research peculiarly his own. It was his father, we believe, who edited so skillfully several of the early Block Books—the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*, for instance, and, more recently, the *History of the Cross*. But the son inherits the same antiquarian tastes, and the same facility of pencil in reproducing with singular spirit and exactness the quaint engravings of the early xylographers. This was shown in his original and curious volume called the *Varieties of Dogs*, which we noticed a year or two ago. What M. Berjeau there did for dogs he has since done (though less completely) for horses, in the volume now before us. His object has been to select, from the monuments of early art in every style, such figures of horses as may illustrate the varieties of breed in use in different ages and different countries. The present subject is scarcely so capable of happy treatment as that of the varieties of dogs. It is more easy to distinguish between the several species of dogs than those of horses, and the varieties of dogs, in shape, size, and colour, are much more numerous. However, M. Berjeau has chosen a very curious and not uninteresting subject for his new volume, and he has worked it out with his accustomed diligence. He has given us no less than sixty drawings of ancient or mediæval horses, borrowed from all kinds of sources. The letter-press which accompanies these illustrations is not all that we could wish. It is somewhat confused in

* The *Horses of Antiquity, Middle Ages, and Renaissance, from the Earliest Monuments down to the Sixteenth Century*. By Ph. Charles Berjeau. London: Dulau & Co. 1864.

order, and does not sufficiently explain the author's own conclusions from the facts which he has collected. We are left very much in doubt, for instance, as to what M. Berjeau himself thinks of the origin and mutual relations of the several breeds of horses which he has depicted. He deprecates, indeed, the supposition that he has compiled a complete history of the horse, and he implies that he has merely collected materials which may be useful in several ways to the naturalist and the sportsman, as well as to the artist and the antiquarian. There is no doubt that his work has more or less interest for all these classes, and that any one who may wish to undertake an historical introduction to a new edition of the *Stud-Book* would do well to consult M. Berjeau's volume.

M. Berjeau begins by asserting that "the horse, like man, is indigenous to the high table-lands of Asia." He further declares that "through variations of habits, of climates, of temperature, the primary form of the horse has been greatly modified, and a similar change, imperceptible but sure, is still proceeding from the same causes." It is disappointing that he has not endeavoured to verify or illustrate this assertion. He leaves his readers to draw their own inferences from the data which he lays before them. His own order is simply chronological. He finds the earliest known delineation of the horse's form in Egyptian art. The first two plates, for example, represent a two-horse chariot from the sculptures at the entrance of the small temple of Beit Oualley in Nubia, and a similar one from a mural painting in the tomb of a Scribe of the royal wardrobe and granaries in the western hill of Thebes. Commenting upon these, M. Berjeau points out that the Egyptian horse of the Delta in ancient times very closely resembles the Netherlandish horse of our own days. The reason is, that the soil is alike in both cases. A flat district, with soft elastic ground and rich pastures, is calculated to produce "a great muscular development at the expense of the nervous system." The horse accordingly becomes more fit for drawing a heavy chariot than for carrying a rider at a quick pace over stony or uneven ground. Hence, perhaps, the reason that the Egyptian warriors fought from chariots, and not on horseback. Burckhardt the traveller, and other recent writers, describe the common horse of modern Egypt as an entirely different breed from the Nubian or the Arabian. It has great size and strength, and is far more like a cart-horse than a racer. The modern Nubian horse, however—which, according to Youatt, has "a slender yet finely set-on neck, a noble crest, the withers elevated, a beautiful action, and an admirable bearing"—is the descendant of that which is chiefly represented in Egyptian art. Next in order comes the Assyrian horse. Our author gives us three illustrations (all of the seventh century B.C.) from bas-reliefs in the British Museum—the first, a war-chariot of Sardanapalus I.; the others a richly-caparisoned saddle-horse, and a state-chariot, of Sardanapalus III. We confess, in spite of M. Berjeau's statement that these Assyrian horses "belong evidently to another variety," that we see no considerable difference between them and the Egyptian specimens. They seem to us powerful, muscular animals, with short thick necks and heavy legs. As to the trappings, it is clear that the Assyrians, like the Egyptians, brought the surcingle, or belly-band, so near the forelegs of the animal as to interfere materially with his freedom of action. The bas-reliefs of Persepolis and of Nakshi-Roustam afford us the next specimens, which are those of Persian horses. The first, which comes from the Palace of the Forty Pillars, represents a chariot and pair. The horses are well-proportioned, but of a smaller relative size and of a very much heavier build than those of Assyrian and Egyptian art. In the other, which represents two horsemen, the animals are of exactly the same breed. They look like strong, short-legged, well-bred cobs, with good action, but are far too small for the majestic figures that beset them.

It is a singular change which the next illustration offers us from the fixed, prosaic types of Egyptian and Assyrian art. Plate VIII. introduces us to Greek idealization in a magnificent horse, copied from the frieze of a Lycian tomb of the sixth century B.C. This animal is tall, slender, and magnificently proportioned. The following plate gives us, from another Lycian frieze of the same age, a pair of horses in a war-chariot. In these we may see the conventional type of the Greek horse, far higher and more true to nature indeed than that of the earlier and ruder forms of art, but still very inferior to the individual specimen last noticed. These Lycian examples lead us on naturally to the frieze of the Parthenon. Two plates are devoted to those masterpieces of Phidias in the fifth century before the Christian era. The description of these will afford a good specimen of M. Berjeau's style:—

The horses of Phidias (he says) are of the pure Arabian race, although, compared with the present type, their head is more square and larger. When the horseman is on foot, his breast is at a level with the head of the horse; when on horseback, his feet are lower than its knee. Here the neck of the Greek horse is strong and muscular; his shoulders are well set; the breast deep; the joints strong, dry, and admirably perpendicular; the back is short, and the tail carried with a peculiar elegance. The mane is generally cut brush-wise, while the tail is long and floats freely in the breeze. The horseman wants neither saddle nor stirrups; and under his directions the horse is either racing, or cantering in a gentle gallop. But no matter what motion the artist may have chosen to depict, his marble horses are almost really living. Their admirable proportions and fine bearing, no doubt, caused them to find favour in the eyes, and mercy at the hands, of the Mussulman devastators, whose fanaticism so sadly mutilated the heads of the horsemen, more particularly perhaps because the representation of men is prohibited by the Alcoran.

We doubt, indeed, whether the Mussulmans spared the horses of the

Panathenaic frieze on account of their artistic value and beauty. Puritan iconoclasts, as our own cathedrals show, also took a peculiar pleasure in mutilating the human figure. It would seem that the decapitation of a statue is as tempting as it is easy.

From Greece M. Berjeau takes us to Etruria. Three plates from Etruscan vases, supposed to date from the fourth century B.C., depict various horsemen and chariots. As every one knows, the tall thin-legged Etruscan horses are almost entirely conventional. We cannot agree with our author that Etruscan art bears "an almost perfect analogy with Egyptian." He makes, however, one curious observation here—namely, that the build of an Etrurian horse "is remarkable for its length and resemblance to a modern Mecklenburg coach-horse." A painted vase, of Greek style, attributed to the third century B.C., reproduces the short agile type of the Arab breed. Next, our author borrows from Trajan's Column the well-known group of Sarmatian, or Cossack, horsemen, in which both the animals and the riders are covered with scale-armour made (as Pausanias tells us) out of horse-hoofs. The famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, executed in the second century, is engraved as a specimen of "the Roman horse in all his majesty"; and the small-headed horse of Byzantine art is well represented from the sculptures of the column of Theodosius, in the fifth century. Thence we pass to the "awful caricatures of Norman art" in the horses of the Bayeux tapestry—animals of huge size, with long bodies and short clumsy legs. Other mediæval examples are taken from a Spanish manuscript of the eleventh century, from the stained glass of the abbey of St. Denis (of the twelfth century), from the stained glass of Chartres, and from the illuminations of several French manuscripts, profane and sacred. Of these the specimen from Chartres is by far the finest and most original. From an English manuscript of the thirteenth century we have a vivid representation of a tournament; and the famous scene from Orcagna's Triumph of Death in the Campo Santo of Pisa brings before us three horses as depicted by Italian art in its early prime. Another horseman, from the same place, rides a steed with a most disproportionately large neck and breast; but such horses, says M. Berjeau, "can be found to this day in Poland." We pass over numerous illustrations borrowed from mediæval French romances to come to a French cart-horse of the fifteenth century, which, with its harness, might be matched any day across the Channel. German horses in mediæval drawings are invariably massive chargers, much resembling our own dray-horses; nor are Albert Dürer's horses, especially his early ones, much better. The clumsy horses of Burgkmaier are familiar to all who remember that artist's Triumph of Maximilian; and Jost Ammon's horses, evidently of the same breed, are but a trifle less heavy in delineation. We think that M. Berjeau has needlessly multiplied his examples of the horses of German renaissance art. The latest specimen that he has admitted is a sketch of horses' heads, marvellously spirited, by Leonardo da Vinci. In conclusion, we wish we could persuade the author to complete his subject, endeavouring to trace more fully than he has yet done the history of the several breeds of horses as they have been represented in contemporary art. What we want to know is, how many original breeds he thinks he has discovered, and what changes they have respectively undergone.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The Session will commence on Tuesday, First November, 1864. An ADDRESS to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir DAVID BAGGESS, on Monday, November 14, at two o'clock. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CALENDAR, 1864-5, published by Messrs. MACLEHOSK & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 10d.

By Order of the Senatus, ALEXR. SMITH, Secretary to the University, September 1864.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HALL.—To be OPENED November 1, 1864, under the Direction of the Council. Chairman of the Council—WILLIAM STIRLING, Esq., of Keir, M.P. Warden—The Rev. D. F. SANDFORD, who will be assisted by competent Tutors. The Council has engaged Temporary Premises, at 11 Oxford Terrace, for a limited number of Students of the University, who will be provided with a Home and Tutorial assistance during the ensuing Session, on moderate terms. Applications for Admission to the Hall should be accompanied by information as to Moral Character of Applicant, and may be addressed to the Warden, or to the Secretary, Mr. W. J. MENZIES, 7 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.
INTIMATION IS HEREBY GIVEN that the University Court of the University of St. Andrews will proceed, at their Meeting on 16th October next, to make Appointments both to the CHAIR of MORAL PHILOSOPHY and to the CHAIR of LOGIC, RHETORIC, and METAPHYSICS.
By Order of the University Court, STUART GRACE, Secretary.
St. Andrews, Sept. 27, 1864.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND. — QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY. — SESSION 1864-5.
FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

The Matriculation Examinations in the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Tuesday, October 18.

Additional Matriculation Examinations will be held on November 24.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

In the Faculty of Medicine Eight Junior Scholarships of the value of £25 each, Six Exhibitions of the value of £10 each, and Two Exhibitions of the value of £18 each, are appropriated as follows:—Two Scholarships and Two Exhibitions to Students of the First, Second, and Third years, respectively. Two of the Scholarships and the Two £18 Exhibitions are appropriated to Students of the Fourth year.

The Examinations for Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Monday, October 24, and be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus.

In addition to the Scholarships and Exhibitions above mentioned, Prizes will be awarded by each Professor at the close of the Session.

Scholars are exempted from the payment of a moiety of the Class Fees.

HOSPITAL PUPILS.

Two Resident Pupils at the County Infirmary will be appointed by examination at the commencement of the Session.

Further information may be had on application to the Registrar, from whom copies of the Prospectus may be obtained.

By Order of the President, WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

September 21, 1864.